

# ABRA-MULE:

O R,  
LOVE AND EMPIRE.

A  
T R A G E D Y.

Written by *Mr. TRAPP.*

---

*Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur  
Majestas, & Amor. Ovid. Metam. lib. 2.*



L O N D O N,  
Printed for the Company.

ABRA-MULE

O R

LOVE AND EMPIRE

A

T R A G E D Y

Written by Mr. T. P. P.

London: Printed and Sold by J. D. B. 1797.



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TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
The L A D Y  
HARRIET GODOLPHIN.  
M A D A M,

**Y**Our signal favour to this Play during its representation on the Stage, and your great generosity to its Author before it was acted, have encourag'd me to make an offering, of both to Your Ladiship; and publish my gratitude for such uncommon goodness and condescension.

Not that by this I think to add any thing to your character; the world was sufficiently sensible of it before: And those shining qualities, by which your Ladiship is so eminently distinguish'd, could no more be hidden than they can be exceeded. 'Tis not therefore for your sake that I address to you, but for my own; not to make any return to your Ladiship, but to do honour to my self. Which I should not have presum'd to have done without your permission; and even that brings a fresh obligation upon me: For nothing could

### *The Dedication.*

be a greater improvement of your former bounty, than your leave to make this solemn Acknowledgment of it ; and to persons of your Ladiships rank ; we cannot publicly return thanks for one favour, without receiving another.

For what could reflect more lustre on this Poem, than so celebrated a Name prefix'd to it ? 'Tis the peculiar glory of Tragedy, that it has always been the most agreeable entertainment to the fair sex ; who have been ever more indulgent to that, than to any other sort of Poetry. Men are generally less capable of those tender impressions, which the Ladies ( who are form'd with finer resentments ) more easily receive. But if this be the best pretence we can make to masculine wisdom, and superiority of reason, I think we had better make none at all. For certainly to be soon mov'd to compassion, and sensible of the misfortunes of others, is rather a perfection in human nature, than an argument of weakness or infirmity.

'Tis for this reason, Madam, that performances of this kind are the most proper offerings to the Fair, and I am particularly happy in presenting this to one who has all their excellencies without any of their defects.

But I perceive I am in danger of disobliging your Ladiship, while I am doing you that justice which will be highly pleasing to every body, but your self. I shall therefore only beg leave to add, that since love and valour are the springs of Tragedy, and give life and  
mo-

*The Dedication.*

motion to it ; nothing could be more proper  
than to address this to your Ladiship , whose  
Family is remarkable , above any other , for  
giving so much beauty to the Court , and so  
much courage to the field ; the one to adorn ,  
the other to defend your country ; the one  
to triumph at home , and the other abroad.  
I am ,

M A D A M ,

*Your Ladiships most obedient ,*

*and most humble servant.*

JOS. TRAPP.

# PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

**W**Hat various thoughts a Poets breast divide,  
When brought before an Audience, to be try'd!  
Guilty of scribbling, with beseeching hands,  
Before your Bar the Malefactor stands.  
Now hopes 'twill please, now doubts 'twill prove but dull;  
Mourns a thin Pit, yet dreads it when 'tis full.  
These are at best the anxious Writers cares;  
But he, who now your fatal censure fears,  
Has no great Man to countenance his Muse,  
And shield him from the arts which rival factions use.  
No necessary friends to start applause,  
T' o'erpower ill-nature, and support his cause.  
Then 'tis all Tragedy which he prepares,  
With no relieving interval of Farce.  
Nay, but one Song; his numbers rarely chime,  
Nor blest the Gall'ries with the sweets of Rhime.  
Few Actors are to fall, no Ghost to rise;  
No fustian roars, nor mimick lightning flies;  
No Thunder from his Heroes, or the Skies.

With all these disadvantages oppress'd,  
He still has hopes, and makes his bold request  
To Men of sense; and here are none, I know,  
But either are, or think at least they're so.  
To you, with modest awe, he dares to speak;  
Will not assume too much, yet scorns to sneak.  
He boasts not of his genius; or his rules;  
Nor insolently calls his Judges, Fools.  
Yet to desert disclaims not all pretence;  
To be so modest would be impudence.  
For surely his presumption must be great,  
Who dares invite his betters to no treat.  
He not expects you should gross dulness flatter,  
Yet leaves you room enough to shew good nature.

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Begs you  
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E. Begs you would come, of all ill passion eas'd;  
Patient to hear, and willing to be pleas'd.  
Cowards and Fools are barbarous, and think  
All wit and Valour is to damn and sink:  
But weakness in distress still finds defense  
From Men of courage, and from Men of sense.

## EPILOGUE;

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Ur Prologue to the Critics was directed:  
But you, ye Fair, must never be neglected.  
To you our Poet now his homage pays;  
Your bare forgiveness will his genius raise,  
In tastes like yours to pardon is to praise.  
'Tis true, we're pleading a young Author's cause,  
But youth and Beauty never yet were foes.  
Do you but shew your goodness and compassion,  
The Men, of course, will give their approbation,  
For if they grant none as the Poets due,  
They'll sure be kind in complaisance to you:  
If not with us, with you they will comply,  
Exert the Lover all, and lay the Critick by.

Pleas'd and serene you saw the Princely Guest,  
When Windsor was with this bright presence blest:  
Still may the kind impression here survive,  
And we enjoy those smiles by which we live.  
How did the Royal Youth, with wond'ring eyes,  
Behold! and gladly own the sweet surprize!  
Amaz'd at such variety of charms,  
Careless of Fame, and less in love with Arms!  
Almost unwilling to pursue the war,  
And ev'n for Empire to forsake the Fair.



But, as by English Beauties forc'd to yield,  
 May he by English Heroes win the Field.  
 Procure the Revolution he desires,  
 And safe possess the Beauty he admires;  
 Thus may th' auspicious Prince securely move,  
 And far more Joys than our new Sultan prove;  
 Completely blest in Empire, and in Love.

# D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

MAHOMET, IV. Emperor of the *Turks*.

PYRRHUS, Grand Visir.

SOLYMAN, Brother to *Mahomet*.

KISLER AGA, or Superintendent of the *Seraglio*.

HALY.

CUPROLI.

MURSA, a *Tartarian* Merchant.

ABRA-MULE,

ZAIDA, her Confident.

MARAMA, a Creature of *Solymans*.

Eunuchs, Bassas, Janizaries, and Attendants,

SCENE, *Constantinople*.

ABRA-



# ABRA-MULE:

O R,

LOVE AND EMPIRE.

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A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*Enter Murfa, and Abra-Mule.*

M U R S A.

**T**His day, fair *Abra*, should by you be  
priz'd  
As the most fortunate of all your life,  
In which you shall be rais'd from low  
obscurity,

To the sublimest height of earthly greatness:  
Brought as the richest present to the Sultan,  
To crown his pleasure, and adorn his Court,  
To entertain with joy his softest hours,  
And charm the Worlds great Master with your  
beauty.

*Abr.* Rather, as often as this day returns  
Within the round of the revolving year,  
Let me be clad in melancholy fables;

A 5

Ex.

Exhaust the springing fountains of my eyes,  
 Indulge my grief, and waste my self in mourning.  
 Be rais'd to grandeur! No... I shall be thrown  
 Lower than first my vulgar fortune plac'd me.  
 O think not, Sir, to sooth me with the name  
 Of fancy'd glory: for when Virtue's gone,  
 And infamy takes place, tho' you advance me  
 Above the greatest Monarch, you debase  
 My humble birth, and sink me into greatness.

*Mur.* Ungrateful Maid!... Are then my benefits  
 So soon forgotten? Dost thou not remember  
 That to this saving arm thou ow'st thy being?

*Abr.* I do, and bless you for that generous action.

*Mur.* Had I not interpos'd 'twixt death and thee,  
 When I with thousands of my Country-men  
 Made an incursion into *Muscovy*,  
 Thou hadst not now stood thus erect before me  
 To contradict my will... Methinks I now  
 See the relentless Ruffian, with his sword  
 Uplifted, just prepar'd to give the stroak,  
 And thy bare bosom heaving at the point.  
 Thy tender innocence, and unripe beauty,  
 Which then ev'n in a child appear'd most lovely,  
 Mov'd me to soft compassion. Straight I seiz'd  
 His threatening arm, and stopp'd the coming blow.  
 Scarce then had sev'n full winters snow'd upon thee;  
 And those twelve years in which thou hast been  
 mine,

Say, have I not still lov'd and cherish'd thee,  
 With all th' indulgent kindness of a Father?

*Abr.* Hear me with patience, Sir...

*Mur.* 'Tis true, since I resolv'd upon this voyage,  
 She always has been froward, and appear'd  
 Averse to my design; but now of late  
 Much more than ever... Ha! ... I have a thought; ...  
 It must be so... I'll put her to the trial... [*Aside.*]  
 An ill return you've made me for my kindness,

[*To her.*  
 For-

# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 11

Forgetful *Abra*; but since no persuasions  
 Can bend you to my will, I'll once comply  
 With a fond Womans humour, be content  
 To lose my journey, and return again;  
 And now I hope thou'rt fully satisfy'd.  
 Ha! What, not move? What fresh commotion's  
 this?

What means that humble posture, and those tears?  
*Abr. Kneeling.* ] Alas! why will you break my  
 tender heart?

*Mur.* Thy words amaze me. Didst thou not desire  
 To fly the loath'd embraces of the Sultan,  
 And to return again?

*Abr.* I did indeed  
 Desire to fly th' embraces of the Sultan;  
 And yet upon my bended knees would beg you  
 Not to return again...

*Mur.* 'Tis so for certain. [*Aside.*  
 I understand you not, explain your meaning. [*To her.*

*Abr.* Since then you urge me to the brink of Fate,  
 Tho' nothing but the fear of separation  
 From the most brave of Men, and best of Lovers  
 Could force me to disclose the mighty secret;  
 I will unlock my breast, and lay before you  
 The inmost thoughts and counsels of my soul.  
 Know then (but e're my story reach your ears  
 Learn to forgive, and arm your self with patience)  
 That since the time that mine and your deliv'rer,  
 The gen'rous Visir, the thrice noble *Pyrrhus*  
 Rescu'd us in our journey to this City,  
 From the rough insolence of stern *Polonians*,  
 I have in secret lov'd that wond'rous Man;  
 And he with equal fire receiv'd my passion.  
 And during those four months, in which I lay  
 Hinder'd from travelling by tedious sickness,  
 We have, by mutual intercourse, exchang'd  
 Each others Soul... Ev'n now, while my dear Lord  
 Is absent at the wars, and leading on

His



12 ABRA-MULE: or,

His succ'ring Troops to raise the Siege of *Buda* ,  
He has not been unmindful of his love ,  
But has by letters . . .

*Mur.* Yes, I understand you . . .

You are of late, it seems, grown intimate  
With the chief Minister of State . . . For him  
You would reserve your self, for him you'd stay ,  
For him you would avoid th' Imperial bed.  
But hear me, Maid . . . Nay, do not kneel and weep,  
Nor think to mollifie me with thy pray'rs :  
For know thy sentence is already pass'd ,  
Nor is it in my power to reverse it.  
Already I've contracted for thy beauty ,  
And all things are prepar'd for thy reception.  
Therefore , no more . . . Attend me in this hour  
To be presented to the Worlds great Lord ;  
Farewel, & think of nothing but obedience. [*Exit.*

*Abr.* O harsh command ! Cruel , hard-hearted

*Murfa* ,

Inexorable , obstinate old Man !  
Obedience ! What obedience ? And to whom ? . . .  
But why ( alas ! ) do I deliberate ,  
As if I were my own , and all my actions  
At liberty ? Superior violence  
O'er-rules my will ; I must of force obey ,  
Because I have no pow'r to make resistance ,  
And am too impotent to be rebellious.

*Enter Zaida and Pyrrhus.*

*Zaid.* In tears ? . . . But see, I bring you com-  
fort, Madam.

*Abr.* My Lord , my life return'd ! Then all my  
woes.

Shall be forgot, at least I will a while  
Suspend my griefs , and be all joy and pleasure ,  
'To welcome , with the most transporting raptures ,  
All that my Soul holds dear.

*Pyr.* Thou loveliest creature ,  
I too, at sight of thee, have lost the sense

Of



Of past misfortunes . . . Just at my arrival  
 Last night, by favour of the friendly darkness,  
 Hither I came private and unattended,  
 Directed, by thy Letters, to the place  
 Of thy abode; and ever since have waited  
 For a convenient opportunity  
 To gain admission here; which *Murfas* absence,  
 And *Zaida*'s help at last have giv'n . . . And now,  
 At the reviving prospect of thy beauties,  
 Grief leaves my breast, and healing joy succeeds.  
 Thou smil'st . . . Let Fortune frown then, I'll despise  
 her,

I'll not regard the Sultans cold reception,  
 Since I am welcome to these arms . . .

*Abr.* Yes, my dear Lord, I may without a blush  
 Receive these chaste embraces; and to you,  
 Who love with honour, I with innocence  
 May give these tokens of my vow'd fidelity.  
 But I, alas! am doom'd to guilty joys,  
 To the detested arms of *Mahomet*.

I must, in spite of me, resign my honour,  
 And rob you of your right . . . Injurious *Murfa*.  
 Despising tears, and deaf to all intreaties,  
 Has sworn this hour to yield me to the Sultan;  
 And I by honest shifts, and commendable cheats,  
 No longer can deceive him . . .

*Pyr.* O the Villain!

Can ought that's human harbour so much baseness?  
 Are then the joys of this bless'd meeting dash'd  
 Soo soon? So soon will Fortune snatch thee from me,  
 And mock my vain embraces? . . . Thus like one  
 Who in a dream, with mighty toil and labour,  
 Strives to embrace some visionary form;  
 Just as he seems to clasp the lovely object,  
 It slides away, and vanishes to air:  
 So I, who thro' opposing difficulties  
 Have cut my tedious way to thy lov'd arms,  
 At length am disappointed, and but see thee

To

14 ABRA-MULE: or,

To take my last farewell . . . O slipp'ry state  
Of human pleasures, fleet and volatile ! . . .  
Giv'n us, and snatch'd again in one short moment  
To mortifie our hopes, and edge our suff'rings!

*Abr.* When you, in a Physicians garb disguis'd,  
Came without interruption to my lodgings;  
I unsuspected could dissemble sickness.  
But when the clamours of your suff'ring Country  
Tore you from me, and sent you to the wars;  
Then, lest my harmless fraud at length should be  
Detected by a true Physician's skill,  
I was oblig'd to quit my feign'd distemper,  
And own my self recov'ring.

*Pyr.* 'Twas, indeed,  
Impossible for thee long to succeed  
In such a fraud, unless thou cou'dst with art  
Extinguish all thy charms; for surely none  
Could so far be impos'd on, as to think  
That the grim form of pale and meagre sickness  
Could e'er be seated in a face so lovely.

*Abr.* With many a vain excuse, and false pretence  
Did I, 'till now, defer the fatal hour:  
But the insatiate avarice of *Murfa*,  
No longer patient of my slight evasions,  
Resolv'd at last, and fix'd upon this day  
To sacrifice me to the Sultans pleasure.

*Pyr.* Can nothing then content that greedy *Tartar*,  
But trading with the purchase of thy Virtue?  
Damn'd avarice! Cursed, destructive avarice!  
Thou everlasting foe to love and honour! . . .  
What will not this vile Merchant turn to traffick,  
If chastity it self be fet to sale,  
And innocence and virtue cannot 'scape him?  
But I'll not talk away these precious moments: . . .  
But fly with all the wings that Love can lend,  
To find this sordid, mercenary churl,  
And gorge his rav'nous appetite with Gold;  
I'll buy thee off, redeem thee from disgrace,

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# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 15

And once defraud my Master...

[Going.

*Abr.* Stay, my Lord,

And let not your concern for my deliv'rance  
Hurry you on to things impracticable.  
You know you often have propos'd these means  
To me before; and I as often told you  
The Royal funds will scarce suffice to slake  
His raging thirst of Gold: Then he's perverse,  
Wilful and froward, positive and proud;  
Has long with pleasure hugg'd this great design,  
Fed with vast hopes of grandeur: and conceiv'd  
Such strange opinions of my fatal beauty,  
That half the World he thinks too little recompence  
For such a present. This I oft have told you,  
And you have thought it reason.

*Pyr.* True, I have;

But then I had not that high eminence  
Of pow'r and greatness which I now possess;  
Nor wealth enough, perhaps, to raise a bribe  
Sufficient; but he will not sure refuse  
So vast a treasure as I now can give:  
Besides, my honour and authority  
Will awe him to compliance.

*Abr.* Were that true,

Yet 'tis too late: He cannot now comply...  
His word is gone too far to be recall'd:  
The fatal contract for my virgin honour  
Already is agreed on, and e're this  
The purchase paid; and should you urge him now,  
Perhaps, incens'd by your solicitations,  
He may inform the Sultan of your Love;  
And then your life, my Lord, will be in danger.

*Pyr.* And what can life afford desirable,  
When thou art lost forever?

*Abr.* But perhaps

Some more secure expedient may be found  
To rescue me from shame, and save my honour  
Without the hazard of your precious life.

*Pyr.*

*Pyr.* Oh no! . . . I am not now what once I was...  
 For, since I parted from thee, Fate has tarnish'd  
 My glories, and o'erwhelm'd me with misfortunes.  
 When leading first my Troops to succour *Buda*,  
 I enter'd on that fatal expedition,  
 I thought to give such tokens of my valour  
 And conduct, that I might with confidence  
 Dare beg thee of my Royal Masters bounty,  
 As a reward for my past services:  
 But Fortune has defeated those designs...  
 Yet still some hopes I have... The *Kisler Aga*,  
 Who governs all in the Seraglio,  
 To whom you are presented, is my friend.  
 Perhaps his prudent management may yet  
 Recover all... Mean while, farewell, my Love:  
 I must to Court, to justify my conduct,  
 And clear me to the Sultan.

*Abr.* Part so soon!

Perhaps to meet no more... Indeed 'tis hard...

*Pyr.* Thou weep'st; O stop that shower of falling  
 sorrows,

Which melts me to the softness of a Woman,  
 And shakes my best resolves... 'Tis hard indeed...  
 So hard, that I have need of all my courage  
 And manly reason, to support the thought...  
 Short have our meetings been, by stealth enjoy'd,  
 By interrupted, broken intervals,  
 And murder'd by the pangs of often parting.  
 Such as sad Spirits prove, who nightly wander  
 To visit the lov'd objects they admire;  
 Permitted for a while to hover round 'em,  
 But quickly warn'd away... Yet ev'n they go  
 With less regret than I, when at the dawn  
 They lag behind, and fain would longer stay;  
 'Til summon'd by the morns unwelcome ray,  
 By force they yield to Fate, and ling'ring leave  
 the day.

[*Exeunt severally.*  
 SCE.



SCENE *changes to a Royal Apartment.*  
 Mahomet *seated in state.* Prince Soly-  
 man, Haly, Cuproli, Bassas, Jani-  
 zaries, &c.

*Mah.* Our Prophet seems unmindful of his charge,  
 And leaves our Empire to be steer'd at random  
 By blind uncertain Chance: for did not he  
 Sit at his ease, and slumber unconcern'd,  
 He would not tamely have resign'd my honour,  
 Nor suffer'd, spight of all my best endeavours,  
 My darling *Buda* to be ravish'd from me.

*Cupr.* The Prophet, Royal Sir, has done his part  
 By substituting you to govern for him;  
 And having to your care entrusted all,  
 He thinks he safely may a while withdraw  
 His tutelary pow'r, and leave the World  
 To you, his great Vice-gerent: And had you  
 Been equally successful in your choice  
 Of all those Ministers who move beneath you,  
*Buda* had still been ours.

*Sol.* I always thought  
 The Visirs conduct would prove fatal to us.

*Hal.* This strange miscarriage has indeed abated  
 The high esteem which I long entertain'd  
 For that great Man: and if free liberty  
 Be granted to disclose our real sentiments,  
 It seems to me...

*Mah.* Be silent... I perceive  
 You're all agreed with Fortune, to depress  
 The rising glories of the noble *Pyrrhus*;  
 And nought more easie, than with formal rhet'rick  
 To cast the odium of a Battle lost  
 On him that manag'd it: But you forget  
 That dire Misfortune, and the chance of war,

B

often



18 ABRA-MULE: or,

Often defeat the best contrivances.  
And since in many dang'rous fields of battle  
He has giv'n such proof of his undaunted valour,  
Those Laurels which his conqu'ring sword has won  
Should shadow this miscarriage.

*Enter a Janizary.*

*Jan.* Mighty Monarch,  
Th' unfortunate Grand-Visir is arriv'd,  
And humbly craves admittance.

*Mah.* Bid him enter.

*[Exit Janiz.*

Now all prepare from his own mouth to hear  
The vindication of his injur'd honour.

*Enter Pyrrhus.*

Is this the Man so much renown'd in war  
For Cities storm'd, and Battles bravely fought?  
Does it become the celebrated *Pyrrhus*  
To enter like a private Sentinel  
*Constantinople's* gates?

Then unattended to appear at Court,  
And send in his petition for admittance?  
Not so he look'd, when throng'd with multitudes  
Of the applauding Soldiers, he arriv'd,  
When waving Colours did adorn his triumph,  
And Trumpets sprightly sound proclaim'd his entry.

*Pyr.* With such magnificence, and martial pomp,  
'Till now, were my arrivals always honour'd;  
The thund'ring Ordnance loudly welcom'd me:  
And, what was more, the Sov'raign of the World  
With gracious looks, and open arms receiv'd me.  
But now (O dire reverse of fickle Chance!)  
I come inglorious, like a criminal,  
To clear my honour, and excuse my conduct.

*Mah.* Begin then, and as bravely as you fought  
Redeem your reputation.

*Pyr.* As I fought?

Have I then liv'd to be arraign'd of cowardise?  
Ask brave *Lorraine*, that Thunderbolt of War,  
Or great *Bavaria*, ask those mighty Chiefs,

If

# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 19

If ever I in fight declin'd their Arms,  
 Or e'er was startled at the face of danger.  
 But 'twas not in my pow'r t'inspire my Troops  
 With Souls as large, and fearless as my own.  
 All my designs and methods still were cross'd  
 By some unlucky, thwarting accident,  
 As if the unseen hand of Providence  
 Had interpos'd, on purpose to defeat  
 My close contrivances, and break my measures.

*Hal.* He little thinks whose providence it was  
 That foil'd his policy. [*Aside to Cupr.*

*Pyr.* Whate'er designs,  
 Tho' manag'd with the greatest secrecie,  
 I had resolv'd upon, the Enemy,  
 As if fore-knowing what I had decreed,  
 Still mov'd against them, and prevented me.  
 So that I much suspect I was betray'd  
 By hidden treach'ry, and some envious Bassa  
 To whom in Council I reveal'd my thoughts,  
 Kept secret correspondence with the Foe,  
 And gave intelligence.

*Sol.* A lucky gesser. [*Aside to Haly.*

*Pyr.* But if your Highness for full satisfaction  
 Demand a more particular account;  
 This Paper will inform you, sign'd by most  
 Of th' eminent Commanders in the Army,  
 In which at large they justify my conduct,  
 And wipe off all aspersions... [*Presents a Writing.*

*Mah.* You have indeed giv'n ample satisfaction,  
 And tho' o'ercome you acquit your self with honour;  
 My *Pyrrhus* still deserves my best esteem  
 And claims the highest place in my affections.

[*Comes from the Throne, and embraces him.*  
 Therefore let these embraces witness for me,  
 That I impute this loss to no defect  
 In you; but praise your conduct, and your valour.  
 Continue still t'enjoy your dignity;  
 And be the second Person in that Empire,

Which with your Sword so bravely you defend.  
 What tho' our glory be a while obscur'd ?  
 The clearest day is not without some cloud.  
 The next Campaign will give, what this has lost,  
 And while th' Heroick *Pyrrhus* shines in Arms  
 Our wide Dominions shall the World o'er-run,  
 And my pale Crescent brighten to a Sun. [Exeunt.]



## A C T I I.

## S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *The Seraglio.*

*Enter Haly and Cuproli.*

H A L Y.

**D**Id you observe with what a thund'ring tone  
 The Royal boaster talk'd ? How loud he  
 bluster'd ?

As if the loss of this important place  
 Had added to the grandeur of his Empire.

*Cupr.* The Panegyrick of his darling *Pyrrhus*  
 Transported him so far, that he forgot  
 His shameful overthrow, and look'd as stern  
 As if his Foes were all in battle slain,  
 And *Buda* still were part of his dominions.

*Hal.* And so it now had been, had not my care,  
 My vigilant, unwearied diligence  
 Still balk'd, and undermin'd the Vipers conduct.  
 For I must own (tho' cursing let me speak it)

# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 21

A braver Gen'ral never shone in steel.  
And yet his skill in warlike discipline  
So cools, and qualifies his matchless courage,  
That it ne'er conquers the restraining bounds  
Of Reason, or degen'rates into rashness:  
'Tis no impetuous folly of the blood;  
But 'tis the constitution of his Soul,  
And can no more ...

*Cupr.* Cankers consume your tongue;  
Must you too in his praise turn orator,  
And waste on so detestable a subject  
Your awkward rhetorick?

*Hal.* Mistake me not; ...  
Tho' I do justice to his character,  
You cannot boast a more exalted hatred  
Against the Visirs person, than my self;  
Who have with such dexterity defeated  
His plots, and render'd all his hopes abortive.

*Cupr.* But to what purpose? Since he's rooted still  
As deep as ever in the Sultans favour; ...  
But by the rage that glows within my breast,  
He shall not 'scape me thus, tho' now he shines  
Above us all, and lords it o'er his betters;  
And while he moves in that exalted sphere,  
Injuriouly debars me from my right.  
For that high office by inheritance  
Is due to me, who am the Son and Brother  
Of two successive Visirs; why should I,  
My friend, be thought unworthy of that honour  
Which my great Father, and my elder Brother  
With such success have manag'd?

*Hal. Mahomet.*  
No doubt can give a reason.

*Cupr. Mahomet?*  
That name begins to grate my ears as harshly  
As that of the scarce more detested *Pyrrhus*.  
For how can I pay dutiful allegiance  
To him, who ne'er regarding my desert



Has giv'n my right to that aspiring upstart,  
 And still supports him, wears him next his heart  
 In spite of all... But see, the hated Visir  
 Appears, and with him that black ominous dog  
 The *Kisler Aga*... Death!... my blood ferments  
 At sight of 'em... Let us retire, and shun  
 Their walk; the air they breathe in is not wholesome.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Pyrrhus, and the Kisler Aga.*

*Pyr.* Ha! *Cuprobly*, and *Haly*! Their cabals  
 Portend no good to me...  
 For I've observ'd that those two haughty Courtiers  
 Since my advancement have, with envious eyes,  
 Beheld my honours; with a gloomy look  
 They scowl upon me, if I chance to meet them:  
 Then with a stiff, unwilling bow they pay me  
 Surly respect; and sullenly pass by:

*Kisl.* This arrogant behaviour gives...

*Pyr.* No more...

I have no time to waste on toys like these;  
 The care of life and safety must employ  
 My leisure hours; at present I've affairs  
 Of greater moment... You've already heard  
 The story of my Love, and *Murfas* baseness;  
 And e're an hour is past, you will receive  
 The beauteous *Abra* from that Monsters hand.

*Kisl.* Already I've receiv'd that lovely Maid;  
 And sure she is so exquisitely fram'd,  
 That I who many years have dealt in beauty,  
 And had the fairest Females from all parts  
 Committed to my care, ne'er yet beheld,  
 'Mongst such variety of foreign charms,  
 A Virgin half so lovely... She excels  
 Ev'n *English* Beauties, and eclipses all  
 Those various Nations, who with pride attend  
 Upon the Sultans pleasures.

*Pyr.* O! She is all perfection; and tho' born  
 In a cold frozen clime, o'er-spread with ice

And



# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 23

And driving snow, (which, if compar'd with hers  
Loses its whiteness) yet her eyes dart fire  
Able to melt the most benum'd of hearts  
With kindling warmth, and thaw it into softness.  
Therefore, my Friend, as thou regard'st my life,  
Conspire with me in this, 'tis honest fraud;  
Secretly free her from this new confinement,  
And, while thou canst, restore her to my wishes.

*Kist.* What you propose is hazardous and difficult:  
Her beauty could not 'scape th' observing eyes  
Of some in the Seraglio; and be sure  
I've Spies enough upon me, who for hope  
Of a reward, will give the Sultan notice  
Of such unfaithful dealing... One I know  
Who has it in her pow'r t'inform against me.  
For to divert the beauteous Strangers sadness,  
I recommended her to the acquaintance  
Of one who holds the very next apartment;  
Whom I commanded by her frequent visits,  
To cheer her solitude.

*Pyr.* O fear not her:  
She never will inform; but rather chuse  
(For her own sake) t'assist thee in removing  
Her charming Rival hence.

*Kist.* Perhaps she might,  
Had she that youth and bloom she once enjoy'd:  
But this is one, whose antiquated beauty  
Has lost the privilege of the Sultans bed;  
And is bestow'd upon the Prince his Brother,  
The am'rous *Solyman*. However, Sir,  
I shall observe her temper; Gold perhaps  
May bribe her to be silent, and the rest  
Time may dispatch beyond your expectation.  
Nor are they groundless hopes... I have a project,  
(At leisure you shall hear particulars)  
Which, tho' it cannot now be executed,  
May one day crown your loves.

*Pyr.* 'Till then, my Friend,

Be it thy care to keep her from the sight  
 Of *Mahomet*; who, as he is o'erwhelm'd  
 With cares, and vex'd at unsuccessful War,  
 Neglects his loves; and therefore will forbear  
 To claim her of thee, while he's ignorant  
 How beautiful a treasure he possesses.  
 Mean while my care shall be to fill his mind  
 With fresh supplies of bus'ness, to divert him  
 From am'rous thoughts ... The rest of my design  
 I will impart hereafter ... One thing more ...  
 Let *Zaida* still have free admission to her;  
 Her conversation will abate her melancholy,  
 And make the time less tedious.

*Kist.* Doubt not, Sir,  
 Of my fidelity, and be assur'd  
 Your cares are mine ... [Exeunt severally.]

*Re-enter Haly and Cuproli.*

*Hal.* 'Twas greatly thought: but an attempt so  
 daring

Staggers my resolution.

*Cupr.* Canst thou scruple?

I tell thee, Fate is in our enterprize:  
 I see it written in th' eternal volume,  
 That *Mahomet* must tumble ... All your doubts  
 Will quickly vanish, if you but reflect  
 On his past Reign which still has been attended  
 With one continu'd series of misfortunes.  
 You need not be inform'd that ill success  
 Renders a Sultan odious in the eyes  
 Of th' unreflecting vulgar, who conclude  
 That angry Heav'n will never be aton'd,  
 'Till they remove him from th' Imperial seat.  
 Our Armys unexpected overthrow  
 Before *Vienna*, whence they were repuls'd  
 After a tedious and expensive Siege,  
 You know incens'd the murmur'ing populace,  
 And ev'n the ruling part of the *Divan*.  
 But the late Loss of *Buda* has enrag'd them

Beyond

# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 25

Beyond all bounds; and now they only want  
Some person of authority to head 'em,  
And fire 'em with the name of *Solyman*  
The next Successor, who will easily  
Be wrought into our plot... What think you now?

*Hal.* Why now I am convinc'd that *Mahomet*  
Sits loose upon his throne: H'as long been rott'ring,  
And nothing now is wanting, but our help  
To hasten Fate, and finish his destruction.

*Cupr.* Yes; since he still protects my mortal Foe,  
He shall be thrown from the Imperial seat,  
And crush that Fav'rite with his dreadful ruins.  
Thus I at once shall satiate my revenge,  
And glut ambition; for the next Successor  
I know will do me right; and thou, my Friend,  
Shalt then enjoy the third place in the Empire  
Which hated *Karah-Ibraim* now usurps,  
And thou so well deserv'st.

*Hal.* You over-rate  
My actions, if you think they can deserve  
The third place in the Empire... Tho' at present  
I see no cause why I should not be thought  
As worthy of the second, as your self. [*Aside.*]  
But what if un aspiring *Solyman*,  
Control'd by checks of Conscience, should refuse  
So daring a proposal? He's the hinge  
On which our project turns, and should he fail us,  
Our plots are all unravell'd.

*Cupr.* I confess  
'Tis in his pow'r to frustrate all our hopes,  
Nor can this bold conspiracy succeed,  
Unless that Prince concur to our design.  
For tho' the Soldiers hearts be alienated  
From *Mahomet*, yet they will ne'er revolt,  
'Till the next Prince of the Imperial line  
Appear, and urge his title to the Throne.

*Hal.* Then *Solyman*, I fear, will ne'er comply  
With our desires.

*Cupr.* 'Tis true he wants ambition,  
 And melancholy blood retards the springs  
 Of his unactive Soul; and, what is worse,  
 He talks of Virtue, Conscience, and Religion:  
 But then he's am'rous, subtle, and designing;  
 And thou and I, by long and near acquaintance,  
 Have gain'd an absolute ascendant o'er him,  
 By means of which we may, without restraint,  
 Use the most cogent arguments to fire  
 His Soul with glorious thoughts of Fame & Empire:  
 Ha! we have talk'd him hither...

*Enter Solyman.*

*Sol.* What is the subject of debate, my Friends?

*Cupr.* Why, Sir, we were consulting which is  
 better,

To suffer by the bow-string or the scymitar.

*Sol.* But why that question?

*Cupr.* 'Tis a proper one;

For that we are to die is past all doubt.

*Sol.* Your Reason?

*Cupr.* You know we have arraign'd the Vipers  
 conduct

Before the Sultan; but without success.

And since we have not, as we first design'd,

Completed his destruction, 'tis most certain

We have effectually procur'd our own.

For having openly declar'd our selves

Enemies to that Fav'rite, we have drawn

*Mahomets* hatred on us, who, you know,

Can never rest, while any he suspects

Is Master of a head.

*Sol.* Then I, it seems,

Am subject to like danger.

*Cupr.* True, you are;

And how you can digest such rough, coarse treat-  
 ment

I know not. Can you perish like a Slave?

Think



# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 27

Think, . . . You are born a Prince . . . Think on that only.

*Hal.* Can you be strangled by th' accursed hands,  
Of haggard Mutes ? whose dumbness speaks more  
horror

Than all th' insulting, barb'rous eloquence  
Of cruel, talking Executioners ;  
Whose ever gloomy and unalter'd looks  
Shew they are not more dumb, than deaf to pity.  
Indeed for such plebeian souls as ours  
It matters not ; but is it fitting, Sir,  
Is't fitting that a Prince born to command  
The World, should suffer by th' unhallow'd hands  
Of such detested Villains ?

*Sol.* But what means  
Are to be us'd for safety and prevention ?

*Cupr.* The means are obvious ; since we are em-  
bark'd

In a design so dang'rous, we're oblig'd  
To push the expedition on, with all  
Our might, and drive our treasons to the head ;  
For nothing can secure us now from punishment  
For our past actions, but atchieving greater.

*Sol.* I know not what you drive at.

*Cupr.* To be plain,  
The Sultan must be ruin'd, or we perish.

*Sol.* Ha !

*Hal.* Why do you start, my Lord ? 'Tis no new  
thing

To see a Sultan tumbled from the Throne.

*Sol.* I'll hear no more o' this.

*Cupr.* What pity 'tis

That I had not your birth, or you my soul ! . . .

A Prince without ambition ! . . .

O monstrous contradiction ! How it sounds !

For shame, Sir, lay aside these grov'ling thoughts,

Exert your Royalty, and be your self ;

Or I shall grow your Rival, and suspect

That,

26 ABRA-MULE: or,

*Cupr.* 'Tis true he wants ambition,  
And melancholy blood retards the springs  
Of his unactive Soul; and, what is worse,  
He talks of Virtue, Conscience, and Religion:  
But then he's am'rous, subtle, and designing;  
And thou and I, by long and near acquaintance,  
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Exert your Royalty, and be your self ;  
Or I shall grow your Rival, and suspect

That,

28 ABRA-MULE: or,

That, since one night gave being to us both,  
Our Mothers by consent exchange'd their Infants:  
And tho' I'm cheated of my glorious birth,  
You are the Visirs Son, and I the Prince.

*Hal.* I must confess, I thought the Universe  
Could not have shewn a breast so void of fire,  
As to reject with coldness and disdain  
The Empire of the World. At such a proffer  
You should have bounded from the earth with trans-  
port;

Have thrown your eager arms about our necks,  
With sparkling eyes, and cheeks that glow'd am-  
bition,

And pray'd for thousand blessings on our heads.  
O how insensible, how spiritless  
Is he, whom all the dazzling charms of greatness,  
And uncontrol'd dominion cannot move!

*Sol.* My Friends, you are too violent, and mistake  
me;

I am not of so mortify'd a Spirit,  
As to reject the golden reins of Empire;  
But yet I am not so in love with pow'r  
As to dissolve the sacred ties of Nature,  
And break thro' all restraint of Law & Conscience,  
To make my self Lord of the Universe.  
No... I would sooner live and die in silence,  
Untalk'd of by the world, than gain a Throne  
By such illegal means...

*Hal.* But sure your Conscience must be over-nice,  
If you call that illegal and unjust  
Which Nature has commanded: Self defence  
Is her first principle... Think on your wrongs,  
Consider you can never injure him,  
Since he's th' unjust aggressor. Has he not  
Debarr'd you from the pleasures of the Court,  
Confin'd you to a Guard? and, what is worse,  
Has he not thrice attempted on your life?  
Which had infallibly been sacrific'd,

To



To satiate his unnat'ral thirst of blood ;  
Had not the Sultaneſs with pious fraud  
Cheated his cruelty.

*Sol.* All this I grant ;

But were his crimes more num'rous than they are ;  
And he a blacker Devil than you make him ;  
Yet could I ne'er consent to urge his Fate ,  
Nor mount that Throne from which my Brother fell  
By lawleſs violence . . . As for our lives ,  
I know he dares not think a thought againſt them .  
For in this doubtful poſture of affairs  
His int'reſt is to ſooth the populace ,  
Who by our deaths would be incens'd to madneſs.

*Cupr.* Suppose your Life be ſafe , which yet I  
queſtion ;

I'd ſooner die the moſt abhorr'd of deaths ,  
Than live as you do . . . Princes of the Blood ,  
And Brothers to the Sultan ? His Slaves rather ;  
Forc'd to comply with all his ſavage humours ,  
Abridg'd of pleaſure , and of liberty .  
For ſhould you dare to caſt an am'rous glance  
On one of thoſe innumerable Beauties ,  
Whom his unbounded luxury engroſſes ,  
Your head muſt pay the forfeit of your eyes .  
'Tis true ; when they grow ſtale and antiquated ,  
To you his generoſity reſigns 'em .  
He riotouſly enjoys their youth and bloom ,  
Then leaves their age , and ugleneſs to you .  
Himſelf he feaſts , but lightly puts you off  
With the vile ſcraps and leavings of his Luſt .

*Sol.* I prithee , Friend , no more .

*Cupr.* Yes , Sir , I've done ,

Now you may go , impeach us to the Sultan ,  
(For you , I find , are rank'd among his Creatures)  
And take our lives , for ſaucily endeav'ring  
To make you happy ; and we'll die , my Friend ,

[ To Hal,

Without repining at our deſtiny ;

Since

Since *Solyman* has sworn to have it so.

*Sol.* You do me wrong by such unjust suspicions;  
My Friendship to you both is firm as ever:  
Nor shall my aid be wanting to assist  
Your plots against the *Visir*, and advance you  
To those high honours which your merits claim.  
But for my Brother's Fate . . . no more o' that.  
My Friends, let me intreat you to retire;  
And leave me to my self . . .

*Hal.* We go, in hopes that when we meet again,  
Your Resolution will not be so strong  
Against your int'rest . . . [*Ex. Hal. and Cupr.*]

*Solyman solus.*

No; I am not in haste to hold the reins  
Of this unmanageable Government,  
Oppress'd by its own weight, and lessen'd by its  
greatness.

'Tis true, were ours, like other Monarchies,  
Founded on wholesome laws, supported by them,  
Aided by Senates; or did King and People  
Think it their int'rest to assist each other,  
Th' *Ottoman* Throne would then be worth ambi-  
tion.

But what, alas! is arbitrary rule?  
He's far the greater and the happier Monarch,  
Whole pow'r is bounded by coercive laws;  
Since while they limit, they preserve his Empire.  
Yet what my fiery Friends have urg'd, has made  
Some slight impresson on me . . . *Mahomet*  
With jealous eyes surveys me, thwarts my loves:  
And keeps the youth of his Seraglio from me.  
Which would indeed be insupportable,  
Did not my trusty confident *Mardama*  
By stealth convey to my desiring arms  
Some of his choicest beauties: by her wit  
I cheat the Sultan, and enjoy those pleasures  
Which vainly he imagines all his own,  
And quite debarr'd from all the world beside.

*Enter*

# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 31

*Enter Marama.*

My dear *Marama*...

*Mar.* O Sir, you're obliging:  
But are my charms of such attractive force  
As to extort that passionate expression?  
If so; if I deserve that am'rous title,  
Why are you not content with my embraces  
Which *Mahomet* allows you? No... I'm old,  
And my decaying beauty is laid by,  
Scorn'd and despis'd: Those soft endearing words  
Are not bestow'd upon me for my sake;  
But for their sakes, whom I by various arts  
Persuade to make you happy; so that now  
I gain your Love by other womens charms,  
And only please by proxy.

*Sol.* No, thou'rt all amiable; such sprightly wit,  
Such depth of thought, so fertile an invention  
Shall ever claim the Love of all our sex,  
And wonder of thy own.

*Mar.* Well, slighted as I am, I yet am true,  
And give such proofs of my fidelity  
As sure no Woman ever gave before;  
Nor ever will again, while I employ  
My female cunning, plot, and rack my brain,  
To bring my happy rivals to your arms.  
'This very hour have I been lab'ring for you;  
Height'ning your character, and kindling love  
In the most charming maid I ever saw.  
With whom, though now she be but just arriv'd;  
I by the *Kissers* positive command,  
And my familiar manner of address,  
Already have contracted some acquaintance.  
The *Kisser* (for what reason is a secret)  
Seems not in haste to shew her to the Sultan;  
And she, as if not conscious of her beauty,  
Is not ambitious to appear before him.

These

These circumstances favour my design ;  
Which you must now engage in : I've contriv'd  
A way to guide you into her apartment ;  
Where you may sigh and languish at her Feet ,  
T' express a passion which the sight of her  
Must needs inspire you with.

*Sol.* O my *Marama* ,

Lead me this moment , lead me to that place  
Where I may see this Master-piece of Nature ;  
And then continue to assist my love ,  
And perfect what thou hast so well begun.  
Dethrone my Brother ! No , there's no temptation.

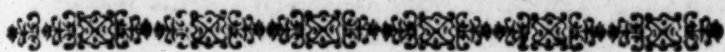
*[Aside.*

I never envy'd him the toils of State ;  
Now ev'n in Love I'm happier far than he.  
For tho' he riots 'midst a thousand Beauties ,  
He wants the Lovers greatest happiness.  
He his fair Slaves commands , and to his arms  
They strait resign their unresisting charms ;  
But I my plots and stratagems prepare ,  
And court at distance the refusing fair ;  
While I from hope a silent joy conceive ,  
And ev'n my fears a doubtful pleasure give :  
'Till she submits to Loves resistless laws ,  
And cures the sickness which her self did cause.

*[Exeunt.*







A C T. I I I.

S C E N E I.

S C E N E, Abras Apartment.

*Enter Abra and Zaida.*

A B R A.

THE loss of liberty to all mankind  
Is most afflictive; but to my gay Sex;  
And sprightly youth 'tis insupportable.  
And yet this close confinement pains me less  
Than separation from my much-lov'd Lord:  
Were I with him in narrower bounds imprison'd,  
Imprisonment it self would please; but since  
His charming conversation is deny'd me,  
I, like the melancholy nightingale,  
Shut in a cage, and widow'd from her lover,  
Should languish, droop, and pine my self to death,  
If thou, my *Zaida*, faithful to my sufferings  
Wert not admitted to me, to partake  
My miseries, and mingle sorrow with me.

*Zaid.* Believe me, Madam, 'tis with great  
concern

I view your tears; I cannot see you thus:  
Let me intreat you, dry your beauteous eyes,  
Dispel those clouds, and wear a cheerful air,  
Or I must call *Marama* to divert you.

*Abr.* Why woudst thou vex me more with the  
remembrance  
Of that eternal talker? She divert me!

C

No;

No; tho' I smooth'd my looks, while she was by,  
 And smiling seem'd to listen to her tattle,  
 So to prevent suspicion of my love;  
 Yet know with pain and torture I endur'd  
 The persecution of her merciless tongue.  
 For nothing is more tedious to a wretch  
 O'erwhelm'd with misery, than to dissemble  
 His grief, and be deny'd to give it vent.  
 And none are more impatient of impertinence  
 Than the afflicted... How did she torment  
 My suff'ring ears with ill-tim'd, idle mirth!  
 With fulsom praises of the Princes beauty,  
 And with more nauseous flattery of my own!  
 Why what's the Prince to me? Suppose his shape  
 Be well proportion'd, and his air so charming;  
 Yet why must I be teiz'd with such descriptions?

*Zaid.* Madam, I wish that part of her discourse  
 Were so impertinent as you imagine.

*Abr.* What means my *Zaida* by those doubtful  
 words?

*Zaid.* With reason I suspect 'twas not for nothing  
 That she appear'd so zealous in his praise.  
 I fear she has some deep design on foot,  
 Which may occasion more uneasiness  
 To you... But see, she has explain'd her meaning.

*Enter Solyman and Marama.*

*Abr.* Confusion, and surprize! Some Pow'r  
 protect me!

*[Solyman comes forward, and throws himself at  
 her feet.]*

*Mar.* I see she's fir'd; from her upbraiding looks  
 She darts reproof, and chides me with her eyes.

*Sol.* See, Madam, at your feet a prostrate Prince  
 Who led by your fam'd beauty hither comes  
 (Tho' with apparent hazard of his life)  
 To offer you his unpolluted vows;  
 And melt you into love, or die before you.

*Zaid*

# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 35

*Zaid.* Is this well done, *Marama*? ... Treach'rous woman!

*Mar.* Peace, Fool... Thy Mistress knows not her own int'rest,

If with affected coyness she refuse him.

*Sol.* You seem disorder'd, Madam; and I fear I am th' unhappy cause of your disquiet. I have been rude, and impudently press'd Upon your privacy... But oh! your charms Have taken ample vengeance on my folly By causing more confusion in my Soul, Than my intruding boldness can in yours. What, not a look? O turn your beauteous eyes, And with another glance confirm me dead, If yet I live; ... for I have drank so deep Of love, that it already has o'erwhelm'd My reason, rais'd a tempest in my breast Which racks my Soul; but oh! the mighty pleasure Rises in just proportion to the torment, And had you pain'd me less, you less had pleas'd me.

*Zaid.* I see resentment kindling in her looks; As her surprize abates, her anger rises, And indignation sparkles in her eyes.

*Abr.* Yes; you have seen me in confusion, Sir; And think perhaps that one whom her misfortunes Have made a Slave, will readily comply With your first offer, and is fit for nothing But to be made the object of affronts. But, Prince, I must inform you...

*Sol.* O forbear; Forbear, fair Excellence, to stab me through With such unkind expressions... You a Slave? 'Tis my ambition, Madam, to be yours. But all in vain; for still you are displeas'd... Yet ev'n your anger charms, and you appear Awfully fair, and lovely in your frowns. Not our great Prophet's self enjoys such beauty In the delicious groves of Paradise,

36 ABRA-MULE: or,

When on sweet beds of flow'rs...

*Abr.* If any thing  
Can possibly be more offensive to me  
Than flatt'ry, 'tis prophaneness...

*Sol.* Such sharp reproof ! pronounc'd with such  
an accent,

And with a look so charmingly severe !  
Relentless fates ! Ah ! why am I condemn'd  
T' offend the only person in the world  
Whom I desire to please ? Is't possible  
That any wretch can be more curs'd than I ?  
When ev'ry word you speak inflames my love,  
Yet adds to my despair.

*Abr.* Fly, Sir ; be gone,  
While yet you're fate ; your Brother will be here,  
And certain death you know's the consequence.

*Sol.* And certain death is welcome ; let it come  
In the most ghastly shape it can put on ;  
Yet your disdain will fill me with more horror,  
Than all its grisly terrors. Since my love,  
My spotless love offends you... Take my head ;  
Let me intreat you, Madam, sacrifice it  
To my inexorable Brothers rage.  
Your love's my first desire, and death my second.  
This favour sure you readily will grant ;  
Such pity the displeas'd, the cruel *Abra*  
Will not deny ev'n to her greatest Foe,  
The curst, the scorn'd, the hated *Solyman*.

*Abr.* I am not, Sir, desirous of revenge ;  
And therefore pardon you on these conditions,  
That you withdraw, suppress this hopeless love,  
And leave me to enjoy that conversation  
Which better suits my sex and circumstances.

*Sol.* Tho' dying misers with far less regret  
Forake their lands, and bags of hoarded gold,  
Yet, Madam, ev'n in this I will obey.  
But when I'm parted from you, think, O think  
The image of your charms is still before me ;

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# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 37

And when I sleep, (if any sleep can close  
My weeping eye-lids) then my busie fancy  
Presents to me in dream your lov'd idea.  
And then reflect what pangs I must endure,  
What melancholy days, and restless nights,  
When I consider your relentless heart,  
And my own lost condition... Think on this,  
And then let pity plead in my behalf.  
And you, kind Fair, (for in your looks I read  
[To Zaida.

Goodness, and soft compassion) intercede  
With your inexorable Mistress for me.  
Be you my Advocate; exert your int'rest  
In a distress'd, a dying Lovers cause.  
And once more, Madam, e're I go, I beg you  
[To Abra.

Remember in your hands my fate is lodg'd;  
From you a curse or blessing I derive,  
Die when you frown, but with your smiles revive.  
[Ex with Mar.

*Abra.* My Smiles! vain Man! He seem'd to mock  
my sufferings;

For who e'er heard of smiling misery?  
Alas! my Zaida, what a world of woe  
Had Fate in store, what mighty funds of sorrow  
T' increase the pressing weight of my misfortunes!  
For oh! I fear the dismal consequence  
Of this fond Princes passion... Haste, my Zaida,  
Find out my Lord; and give him timely notice  
Of what has happen'd.. [Exit Zaida.

How great is the mistake of our vain Sex,  
Who think the number of their fond admirers  
Alone can make 'em happy!... She indeed  
Who unsubdu'd by Love his pow'r defies,  
May with delight her num'rous conquests prize;  
And view with careless air the triumphs of her  
eyes.

But when those am'rous pains our breasts divide,

We find, in spite of our fantastick pride,  
We should more true and lasting pleasure prove,  
Were we belov'd by none, but those we love.

[Scene shuts.

*Enter Haly and Cuproli.*

*Hal.* The Prince in Love, you say ... Had you inform'd me

That he's grown fond of Empire, you had told  
A secret worth the hearing... But what use  
Do you intend to make of this discov'ry?

*Cupr.* Be patient then, & in few words I'll tell you.

Not half an hour ago I met the Prince;  
Who, tho' he seem'd impatient of delay,  
And eager to be gone, abruptly told me  
He was engag'd in an affair of love;  
And just then going with his Spy *Marama*  
To the apartment of a beauteous Virgin,  
Who came this day to the Seraglio.

But that which makes directly for my purpose,  
And which I ground my project on, is this:  
As yet the Sultan has not seen this Beauty;  
Nor is the *Kislar* forward to present her,  
Nor she to be presented. *Solyman*

On this builds all his hopes... If he succeed,  
And without difficulty gain his Mistress,  
He never will be work'd into our Plot.  
Wherefore our care must be to inform the Sultan  
Of this new Beauty; *Mahomet* has a heart  
As soft to Love's impressions, as his Brother.  
Then when the longing Prince perceives his hopes  
Defeated, and his Mistress ravish'd from him  
By that all-pow'ful Rival, he will need  
No more persuasions to dethrone his Brother;  
Since that's the only method he can take  
To make him happy, in the full enjoyment  
Of what he so impatiently desires.

*Hal.* Auspicious Plot! Sure mischief never thrives  
Without the help of Woman ... But which way

Shall

Shall we discover this important secret  
To Mahomet?

*Cupr.* For that depend on me.

I have a female Creature in the Court;  
Her I'll instruct to hint it to his ear,  
And fire his jealousy... Ha! here again?

*Enter Pyrrhus, the Kisser Aga, and Zaida.*

New interruption from that hateful pair?  
Away, retire; we must not be observ'd.

[*Ex. Hal. and Cupr.*]

*Pyr.* Curs'd accident!... Sure some malignant  
Planet

Which long has spar'd me, now of late begins  
To shed on me its baleful influence.  
A Rival!... This of all my mighty woes  
Comes least expected; with vain flatt'ring hopes  
I comforted my self, that her confinement,  
However grievous to me, would at least  
Secure me from the danger of a rival.  
But now I am deny'd the wretched privilege,  
Which ev'n from my misfortunes I enjoy'd.  
But tell me, *Zaida*, has my Love receiv'd  
The letter which I sent her? 'Twill perhaps  
Be some refreshment to her troubled Soul  
To read those lines, and bathe them with her tears.

*Zaid.* Before I left her, no such letter came  
To her Apartment...

*Kiss.* I deliver'd it

To one of my attending, trusty Slaves;  
With strict command to give it none, but her.

*Pyr.* But see, th'injurious robber of my rest  
Appears...

*Enter Solyman musing.*

*Kiss.* The Prince! Pray, good my Lord, retire,  
He must not see us two in consultation. [*Exeunt.*]

*Sol.* Do I yet live? Or has Loves wondrous force  
Transform'd me to a Ghost? My frightened Friends  
Will fly me soon, and shun my lonely walks.

O were that all, I might be happy still! . . .  
 But she whom most I labour to pursue,  
 She, she will fly me, hate me, scorn me, loath me;  
 She will: . . . She has, she does; and 'tis not likely  
 That she, who now rejects me with disdain,  
 Should fall in love with my deformity,  
 My meagre looks, and more than dying paleness,  
 Tho' 'tis but just she should with pity view me,  
 Since my deformity will be reflected  
 From her all conqu'ring beauty; 'tis but just  
 She should at last be kind, and with her love  
 Repair the ruins which her scorn has made.

*Enter Marama.*

*Mar.* Alone, my Lord? You Lovers are so  
 thoughtful . . .

*Sol.* O my *Marama*! do not mock my miseries;  
 I swear 'tis now no time for trifling with me;  
 I have no middle fate, but now must be  
 Most wretched, or most happy.

*Mar.* Happy, Sir;  
 For if my cunning, which ne'er fail'd you yet,  
 Be not quite harass'd out, that scornful Fair  
 Shall yet be yours.

*Sol.* I doubt it, dear *Marama* . . .  
 Such keen reflections, such resentful looks,  
 Such fix'd resolves shew more of hate than coyness.  
 Canst thou not guess the cause of her severity?

*Mar.* I can.

*Sol.* O speak!

*Mar.* This paper will speak for me. [*Giving a Letter.*]

*Sol.* What's here? Distraction! . . . To his faithful  
 Abra . . .

Ha! *Absence* . . . *Vows* . . . *Fidelity* . . . *For Souls*  
*Know no confinement* . . . O the racking torture! . . .  
 Wondrous familiar! But no name subscrib'd . . .  
 How came you by this paper?

*Mar.* I met a Slave posting tow'ards her Apartment;  
 Whom I, suspecting, stopp'd; and telling him

I was



# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 41

I was her Friend, and intimate acquaintance,  
 And just then going to her, with smooth words  
 Persuaded him t' intrust me with his letter;  
 With promise to deliver it that minute.  
 At first he scrupl'd; ... But at length remembering  
 That he had seen me with her, slip'd the paper  
 Into my hand, and in a moment vanish'd.

*Sol.* Know you not whence it came?

*Mar.* The Slave was gone  
 E'er I could ask the question.

*Sol.* Curse on his haste.

May all...

But I'll not waste my curses on a Slave;  
 No... They shall all be carefully reserv'd  
 For this darest Rival... Whoe'er he be,  
 For ever blasted be the hand that wrote,  
 The heart that dictated these fond expressions.  
 May Fortune seem to smile upon their wishes,  
 But when they're just upon the brink of happiness,  
 Secure of disappointment, may she then  
 Sever their loves, and tear them from each other,  
 As thus... [*About to tear the Letter.*]

*Mar.* Hold, Sir,... What would your fury do?  
 This paper must be carefully preserv'd;  
 Some of your Friends may by the character  
 Discover him who sent it.

*Sol.* I thank thy caution; rage and jealousy  
 Had almost turn'd my brain... O to compleat  
 The direful curses which I would denounce  
 Against that Foe who robs me of my quiet;  
 May he be satisfy'd he has a Rival,  
 And never know the person; so that he  
 May feel the pangs and throws which I endure;  
 And be as exquisite a wretch, as he  
 Who makes him so...

*Enter Cuproli.*

*Cupr.* My Lord, I came to find you.

*Sol.* Why then thou cam'st to find as very a Mad-  
 man

As ever rav'd in chains... Know you this hand?

*Cupr.* Perfectly as my own; it is the Visirs,  
Too well I know that hated character,  
Which sign'd me my Commission; which, if merit  
Had been respected, that aspiring Fav'rite  
Would have receiv'd from me, not I from him.

*Sol.* The Visir! ha! the Visir? O my *Cuproli*,  
Thy hate against him, if compar'd with mine,  
Is mild as childrens love, or womens friendship.  
In glory he's thy rival, mine in love;  
'Thee he debars from greatness, me from happiness;  
Which nothing but his blood can e'er atone for.

*Cupr.* Now you're indeed a Prince: 'Tis Royal  
anger,

But threats do nothing...

*Sol.* Nor shall my vengeance terminate in threats;  
You know I am not us'd to menace thus,  
And therefore may believe I am in earnest.

*Mar.* My company at present may be spar'd;  
I will withdraw, and seek some other place,  
Where I may do more service... [*Exit.*]

*Cupr.* I do believe you; in your looks appears  
Noble resentment, and you now resolve  
(I read it in your eyes) to fill the Throne,  
And bless your longing People with your reign.

*Sol.* O torture not my brain with curs'd Ambition;  
To which I always was averse; but now  
Much more than ever, since my lab'ring Soul  
Is wholly taken up with thoughts of Love.

*Cupr.* Why 'tis your Love that I design to further;  
The Visir stands betwixt your hopes and you:  
Nor can you ever hurt a hair of his,  
While *Mahomet* is able to protect him.

*Sol.* So you have often said.

*Cupr.* And 'tis too true;  
Wherefore you either must contentedly  
Forego your Mistress, or dethrone your Brother.

*Sol.* Why should he suffer for the Visirs fault?

My

# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 43

My Brother's not my Rival...

*Cupr.* Say you so?

He is e'er this, unless my trusty Agent  
Has plaid me false...

[*Aside.*

*Sol.* Retire, my worthy Friend;  
Give me a moments thought, and I will follow,  
And then impart my final resolution.

*Cupr.* Farewel, my Lord... I see I have him sure;  
For if my arguments prove ineffectual,  
My project cannot fail; it matters not  
Tho' I want Rhet'rick, since my stratagem  
Will amply make amends for that defect. [*Exit.*

*Sol.* Forego my Love? No... sooner shall the  
frame

Of Nature be unravel'd... yet my Soul  
Shrinks at the horror of my Brothers fate;  
And 'tis my first endeavour to complete  
My happiness without disturbing his.  
But if it be decreed that either he  
Must quithis Throne, or I that charming maid;  
My choice is made; it will be less unnat'ral  
To break the tie of kindred than of Love.

*Enter the Killer Aga.*

But see, here comes the Messenger of death.  
I fear I am betray'd.

*Kisl.* My Lord, your ear;  
Can you not guess my bus'ness?

*Sol.* Guessing, Sir,  
Is not my talent; pray explain yourself,  
And I may apprehend.

*Kisl.* I hear of late  
You are grown the Sultans Rival in his pleasures.

*Sol.* Spare your preambles, and without more  
preface

Speak your thoughts boldly; say in short you came  
To give me notice of approaching death.

*Kisl.* Your fears are groundless: True, I know  
your fault,

And

And must, my Lord, upbraid you for your rashness;  
But not one drop of your illustrious blood  
Shall through my information e'er be spilt.

*Sol.* Ha!

*Kisf.* Nay more; I came to proffer you my service;

And am so far from enterprising ought  
Against your life, that I will stake my own  
To make you happy.

*Sol.* You have so o'erpower'd me  
With unexpected kindness, that my tongue  
Is mute, and speech too scanty to express  
My inward gratitude... I cannot thank you.

*Kisf.* Nor ought you pay your thanks 'till I deserve 'em,

Which I e'er long will do, for if my int'rest  
In the Seraglio be worth desiring,  
You may command it: She for whom you sigh.  
She shall be yours; and sure that lovely maid  
As much excels the Sultans other Beauties  
As you the Sultan.

*Sol.* I can hold no longer;  
My struggling gratitude must have some vent;  
And since in words it cannot, thus it speaks,  
And thus, and thus... [*Hugs him.*]

*Kisf.* Reserve your raptures for your Mistress's ear,

Whose beauty for your sake I will conceal  
From *Mahomet*; mean while we may have leisure  
For consultation, and contrive the means  
To bring her to your arms... Your noble carriage,  
And more than Princely qualities command  
The service and respect of all that know you.  
Therefore if any obstacle there be  
Which may be prejudicial to your Love,  
Tell it me, Sir, that I with timely care  
May labour to remove it.

*Sol.* There is a dreadful one;

The



# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 45

The Visir is my Rival.

*Kiss.* This goes well.

*[Aside.]*

The Visir? Sure you have been mis-inform'd.

*Sol.* This Letter will convince you, which just now

I intercepted . . .

*Kiss.* Give it me, my Lord; [*Sol gives the Letter.*  
That I with this may prove his bold presumption,  
And to his face confront him . . . Doubt not, Sir,  
But I with threats shall force him to desist.

*Enter Pyrrhus behind.*

*Sol.* Now, *Mahomet*, thou art again secure;  
I shall not need thy pow'r.

*[Aside.]*

*Pyr.* What do I see?

My Friend in consultation with my Rival?

*Sol.* Words cannot utter

How much your generosity affects me;  
You have this minute liv'd an age of Friendship;  
And I will study to deserve your kindness.  
Farewell . . . and be, if possible, as happy,  
As you would make the grateful *Solyman*. [*Exit.*

*Kiss.* That's very possible . . . Ha! here, my Lord?  
You come in time . . .

*Pyr.* To witness to your falsehood.  
Could I have thought I ever should have cause  
T' upbraid your breach of faith?

*Kiss.* Nor have you now.

*Pyr.* Why do you shift the accusation from you?  
Are you not false?

*Kiss.* I am, but not to you.

No, Sir . . . I could not give a better proof  
Of my unviolated fidelity,  
Than by this seeming falsehood . . . to you seeming,  
But real to the Prince. For by the help  
Of this pretended kindness I've recover'd  
Your Letter, and disarm'd him of the pow'r  
To do you mischief. [*Gives him the Letter.*

*Pyr.* I apprehend, and must with shame applaud  
Thy

46 ABRA-MULE: or,

Thy wit, and blest thy unexampled Friendship.

*Kiss.* But what's yet more; I have by this remov'd  
All that could make your Rival formidable.

Now I have laid his jealousy asleep,  
Which otherwise might have prov'd fatal to us.  
And now persuaded of my zeal to serve him,  
What e'er I do for you, he will applaud  
As done for him, and I shall have his thanks  
For carrying on your int'rest; nay yet more,  
He will be wholly guided by my counsel,  
And move as I direct him: Nay perhaps  
His and *Maramas* cunning may be useful  
To further our design, and you promote  
Your int'rest by th' assistance of your Rival.

*Pyr.* That ever I should once suspect such truth,  
Such wond'rous friendship! But thy plot was  
wrought  
Too fine for my dull sight: ... Canst thou forgive  
me?

*Kiss.* My Lord, I cannot blame you;  
If, when you heard and saw what pass'd between  
us,

Your good opinion of my truth was stagger'd,  
E're you knew all... But come, no more of this;  
Droop not, brave Sir, Fortune is yet your own,  
And all these difficulties will e're long  
Shed kinder influence, inhance your joys,  
And only serve t'improve your happiness.

*Pyr.* O! Blessings on thee, whose reviving words  
Have rais'd me from the depth of black despair;  
And once more giv'n me the delightful prospect  
Of my approaching bliss... And now methinks  
The clouds of our misfortunes break away;  
And spight of all the dangers which have threaten'd,  
My Genius whispers I shall yet be happy.  
And still the more I think, my hopes rise higher:  
The lovely Creature's mine, I have her here;  
For ever mine, .. O blessings inexpressible!

The

# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 47

The bare reversion of which is better  
Than the possession of all other pleasures...

*Enter Mahomet attended.*

*Mah.* Where is that saucy Slave, that dares controul

My pleasures, and infringe my best prerogative?  
Ha! Villain, have I found thee? Tell me quickly;  
How didst thou dare to keep the charming *Abra*,  
That miracle of beauty, from my sight?

*Kisf.* Discover'd! This unlook'd for accident  
Has so amaz'd me, that I'm thunder-struck,  
And know not what to answer... [*Aside.*]

*Mah.* What, speechless?

*Kisf.* I must confess, your Majesty has much  
Surpris'd me by this unexpected question.  
She whom you speak of is this day arriv'd;  
And therefore not yet fit t'appear before you,  
And shew her beauty at the best advantage.  
Nor did I ever yet receive commands  
To bring your charming Slaves to your embraces  
Just at their first arrival.

*Mah.* But I hear

This is a Beauty of such uncommon excellence,  
That none who ever shone within my Court  
Could match her dazzling brightness; and if so  
Thou shouldst have brought me the transporting  
news

Of her arrival, with as great impatience  
As if th' inferior Monarchs of the world  
Were all unanimously come to lay  
Their Scepters at my Footstool, and resign  
The yet unconquer'd Globe...

*Pyr.* O give me patience.

[*Aside.*]

*Kisf.* Most mighty Emperor...

*Mah.* Peace, formal Slave;

I have not time to hear thy dull excuses;  
Be dumb, and listen to my strict command.  
I charge thee bring that lovely, charming maid'  
Into

Into the pleasant Grotto near the Palace;  
 Let her attend me there . . . Look thou obey me,  
 Or by my hopes and boiling expectation  
 Thy life shall answer it.

*Pyr.* Dread Sir, I hear

The fury of the murmur'ing populace  
 Is ris'n so high, that they begin to threaten  
 Your sacred life; and the seditious Soldiers  
 Talk of revolting.

*Mah.* Most audacious traitors! . . .

Be it your care to quell their mutiny;  
 They shall not rob me of a moments pleasure.  
 No... first I'll go where Love and Beauty call me;  
 Then put on Majesty, and be all Monarch;  
 Awe the presumptuous Rebels with my frowns,  
 And look them into duty... As they say  
 That celebrated King, the mighty *Jove*,  
 Fatigu'd with Empire left his Throne above;  
 And for a while enjoy'd the sweets of Love.  
 Then tow'ring high to his sublime abode,  
 Shook earth and seas with his Imperial Nod,  
 Return'd to thund'ring, and resum'd the God.

[*Exit.*

*Pyr.* Sure 'twas a dream, and my deluding fancy  
 Has scar'd me with a vision... Say, my Friend,  
 Am I awake? And was the Sultan here?

*Kist.* Alas! he was . . .

*Pyr.* Then all, it seems, was real,  
 And I'm the very wretch that Fate design'd.  
 No... 'Tis impossible... It cannot be..  
 Why but a moment since I was most happy,  
 Secure of future ills... O! no... I was not..  
 Then, then I dream'd, and fed on airy hopes,  
 Which my own flatt'ring wishes form'd... But now  
 Fortune has rous'd me from that pleasing sleep,  
 To make me feel, and throughly understand  
 Substantial mis'ry... But I'll not complain;  
 Women and cowards rail at their misfortunes...



# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 49

I will curb in my grief, and in my breast  
 Confine the struggling passion, 'till my veins  
 Are burst, and from my eyes the gushing blood  
 Start out instead of tears.

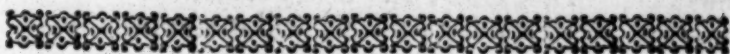
*Kis.* Capricious chance!  
 How swift a turn was this!.. Just as your hopes  
 Were elevated to the highest pitch,  
 And bore you to the clouds; they strait retreated;  
 And left you to despair.

*Pyr.* Ay, there's the torment.  
 So I have heard with equal suddeness  
 Ebbing prodigiously the Sea withdrew,  
 And quite defenceless left the scaly race.  
 The Dolphins which ere while with wanton pride  
 Spread their broad fins, and lash'd the foaming tide;  
 Vainly assay'd to suck the faithless flood  
 With heaving gills, and tumbled in the mud.  
 And whales which with their trunks the stars could  
 reach,

Now flounc'd and panted on the slimy beach.  
 So have my hopes, whose waves ere while ran  
 o'er,  
 And to the skies my tow'ring wishes bore,  
 Retir'd, and left me gasping on the shore.

[*Exeunt.*]





A C T I V.

S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *A pleasant Grotto.*

*Enter Solyman.*

S O L Y M A N.

W Hither will love and furious jealousy  
 Hurry my resolution? Certain death  
 I know attends me, should the trembling leaves,  
 Or the least murmur of my breath betray me.  
 Yet here I'll hide my self, and here unseen  
 Observe, and listen to the Sultan's courtship;  
 And see how he can move that cruel Beauty.  
 Vain hopes! ... His pow'r will force what she denies.  
 And yet, my Friend the *Kisler's* project cheers me,  
 Who promises to bring her to the Sultan  
 With six more virgins, who for youth and beauty  
 May challenge all but her; them he adorns  
 With all th' embellishments that art can give,  
 That *Mahomet* by such variety  
 Of objects may be puzzled in his choice;  
 And all to help my love ... Hark! They approach.

[Retires.]

*Enter the Kisler Aga with Abra.*

*Kisl.* Compose yourself, dear Madam, dry your  
 eyes,  
 And smooth' our locks; your grief must be conceal'd.  
 Should you appear in tears before the Sultan,

P

You

Yon would inspire him with a jealous rage,  
Which may perhaps prove fatal to us all.

*Abra.* I'll do my best endeavour, tho' I fear  
My sorrows are too great to be dissembled.

*Enter Eunuchs with six Women of the Scraglio: The Kisser places them with Abra. Then enter Mahomet, and seats himself.*

A Symphony of soft Musick, after  
which this Song.

**H**appy Monarchs who with beauty  
Tiresome cares of State beguiles;  
Whose fair Subjects pay their duty  
In consenting looks and smiles.  
Who from the noise Battle comes,  
From the shrill Trumpets clangor, and the thund'ring  
drums;  
With Loves soft accents to compose  
His Passion, ruffled by his foes.  
And happy she, whose eyes can dart,  
A killing shaft to reach his heart:  
For sure more glory can no Female have,  
Than she whose charms this Conqueror can enslave;  
Who the Worlds Lord her sighing captive views,  
And in their mighty Monarch all Mankind subdues.

[After the Song, the Sultan rises, and singles out  
Abra: Eunuchs go off with the rest of the Women:  
The Kisser retires to a corner of the Stage.

*Mah.* How comes it, Fair-one, that your down-  
cast looks

D 2

Speak

Speak you uneasie and dissatisfy'd  
 With that high honour, which your beauty claims;  
 And which my love confers? Believe me, Maid,  
 Not one of those, whom for your sake I slighted,  
 Would with indiff'rence have receiv'd my passion:  
 Excess of joy would make their charms more florid;  
 And pride would redden in their flushing faces,  
 Glow in their checks, and sparkle in their eyes.  
 But discontent fits low'ring on your brow,  
 And by the coldness of your air you seem  
 To disapprove my choice.

*Abr.* Your pardon, Sir,  
 If conscious of my own unworthiness,  
 And dead to all ambition, I appear  
 The less transported with your Royal favours.  
 My want of merit mortifies my pride;  
 Nor can I with full satisfaction wear  
 Those honours which I never can deserve.

*Mah.* Or rather conscious of your matchless  
 worth;  
 You rate your beauty at so high a value,  
 That nothing human, in your tow'ring thoughts,  
 Is worthy to possess it.

*Abr.* Sacred Sir...

*Mah.* Or else in pity to your captive Monarch  
 You strive to cloud your brightness, and restrain  
 The lightning of your eyes, lest on the spot  
 Its force should flash me dead... But 'tis in vain...  
 You cannot ceck the killing darts of love;  
 Spight of your self you please, and in one moment  
 The glory of your conquest is compleated.

*Abr.* Confound me not with shame, nor call up all  
 The blood that warms my trembling heart, to fill  
 My cheeks with blushes.

*Mah.* Why it matters not;  
 Whether you blush, or weep, or smile, or frown,  
 You always charm; nor can you coin your face  
 To an unpleasing shape,.. Therefore no more



# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 53

Of little doubts and fears ; this very hour  
You shall be happy in your Sov'raigns arms.

*Abr.* O never, Sir.

*Mah.* Ha ! never ? Who am I ?

*Abr.* What have I said ? Forgive me, Royal Sir ;  
My tongue bely'd my thoughts ... But I recall  
Those words ; I am your Slave , and must obey.

*Mah.* My Slave ! and must obey ! No , think not,  
Fair-one ,

That I resolve to ravish like a Tyrant ,  
What your coy virgin modestly denies.  
I will forget the Monarch , and lay by  
My Royalty ; then court you like a Slave ;  
Sigh at your feet , and woo you to compliance.

*Abr.* Forbid it Fate , that Sov'reign Majesty  
Should so far be degraded , as to stoop  
Beneath the lowest and most abject wretch  
That ever bore misfortune.

*Mah.* Ha ! no more ,  
No more o' that , my love ; why I am Fortune ,  
And whosoe'er I smile on must be happy.  
Therefore enlarge thy wishes , and demand  
Whatever happiness thy thoughts can form ;  
And by our Prophet's Soul I swear to grant it.

*Abr.* Then thus , Sir , prostrate at your Royal  
feet [Kneels

I humbly crave no other boon than this ;  
Restore me to my self , and (so may all  
Your joys he crown'd) dismiss me from your Court.

*Mah.* Not for the Empire of ten thousand Worlds...  
My oath , however solemn , binds me not  
T' impossibilities... What ? Live without thee ?  
As well thou may'st desire me to forego  
My Soul , my self , and live without my life.  
But tell me , stubborn Fair , what have you seen  
For which you thus decline your happiness ,  
And keep me at this distance ? Speak , what is it  
That makes you thus averse to love and glory ?

*Abr.* O question me no more... I dare not speak.

*Mab.* What do you fear? My presence cannot awe you?

To you I am no Monarch.

*Abr.* I'm a virgin.

*Mab.* Well.

*Abr.* And prize my honour dearer than my life.

*Mab.* Make you no difference then between the actions

Of Kings and common Men? By my embraces

Your virtue is not sully'd, but ennobled

Above its native worth; as my effigies

Stamp'd on my Coin adds value to the metal.

*Abr.* O do not, Sir, delude me with false arguing;

The greatest Monarchs actions cannot make

Virtue of vice; as by your Royal image

Silver's not chang'd to Gold, nor brass to Silver.

Therefore I beg you, Sir...

[*Kneels.*

*Mab.* Rise, Empress, rise...

For from this moment be that title thine;

Such beauty join'd with such transcendent virtue

Deserves no less... Here, take her to thy care.

[*To the Kisser.*

Droop not, fair Excellence; your chastity

Shall not be violated... Holy rites

Shall make us one, and justify our pleasures.

Let some of the attending Eunuchs wait

[*To the Kisser.*

On her to her Apartment, but return

Thy self, and instantly attend me here.

[*Exit Kiss. with Abr.*

Prodigious change! That a licentious Monarch

Who many years with boundless luxury

Has rioted on beauty, should at last

Become as very a sighing, whining lover,

As e'er Romance or Poetry could form!

*Re-enter the Kisser-Aga.*

Prepare my Royal presents, and attend

The

The beauteous *Abra* with Imperial Robes;  
And let her have for her peculiar residence  
One of the Sultaness's rich Apartments.

*Kisl.* Your Majesty shall be obey'd.

*Mah.* To-morrow

I'll visit her, and reinforce my suit.  
'Till now I knew not what it was to love;  
My loose desires deserv'd a fouler name.  
But this fair charmer has refin'd my Passions,  
And with her virtue taught me to admire  
The beauties of the Mind: Therefore for her  
I will endure the tedious toil of courtship.  
Let me be happy in this am'rous Siege;  
And I'll forgive the Fates the loss of *Buda*.  
And sure I shall succeed: She's more than mortal,  
If she resist me; when the charms of Empire  
Shall join their forces, her great Soul to move,  
With all the soft artillery of love. [Exit.

*Kisl.* So! now 'tis finish'd... Cruel Destiny,  
Thou hast done thy worst, and I despise thee now.

*Enter Pyrrhus.*

*Pyr.* O Friend...

*Kisl.* My Lord?

*Pyr.* Why dost thou speak so coldly?  
Canst thou not call me Friend?

*Kisl.* I cannot.

*Pyr.* Why?

*Kisl.* Because it is not just you should be mine  
Unless I could be yours.

*Pyr.* Why art thou not?

*Kisl.* I would be.

*Pyr.* Then thou art.

*Kisl.* But cruel Fortune...

*Pyr.* Why Friendship is above the reach of Fortune,  
Not to be rated from the blind events  
Of giddy chance... But thou hast spoken this  
Only to wave the horror of my fate,  
And mollify my Sentence... But no more;

56 ABRA-MULE: or,

Pronounce my doom, for I can bear it now...  
And yet thou needst not; thy despairing looks  
Have told me all the tragick tale already.

*Kisl.* My Lord, I would advise you to be calm,  
Summon the force of reason to your aid;  
And think no more of this unhappy Beauty.

*Pyr.* Alas! Thou know'st not what thou wouldst  
advise;

My Love is grown essential to my Soul;  
And can no more be shaken off than that.  
'Tis no wild sudden start of youthful blood;  
But utterly disclaims the name of *Passion*,  
And is the great and regular desire  
Of happiness implanted in us all;  
That spring which turns the universal wheel  
Of human actions... Therefore talk no more  
Of that... But, as thou sayst, I will be calm;  
And not disparage with undecent sorrow  
My great misfortunes... But proceed, my Friend,  
And tell the circumstances of my Fate.

*Kisl.* I have not leisure now, I must be gone  
With speed to execute the Sultans orders;  
But as we go I will inform you all.

*Pyr.* Yet e're thou stir, I will prevail with thee  
To grant me one request.

*Kisl.* What's that, my Lord?

*Pyr.* To let me see her, e're I leave the world.

*Kisl.* Ah! Sir, why would you urge your fate,  
and mine?

*Pyr.* Not for the World, no not for the enjoyment  
Of her I love, would I the least endanger  
The safety of my Friend...  
Of thee I only beg to be directed  
To her apartment; I alone will dare  
The anger of the Sultan.

*Kisl.* I have thought on't,  
And you shall go.

*Pyr.* Now blessings on thy head.

*Kisl.*



# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 57

*Kisf.* But you must condescend to be disguis'd,  
Put on a *Negros* gloomy face, and take  
An Eunuchs dress.

*Pyr.* O any thing, my Friend...  
I've heard the Pow'rs themselves of old for love  
For less than mine have left their starry Thrones,  
And hid their dazzling forms in brutal shapes;  
Less charming were the Beauties which they sought,  
And more their condescension.

*Kisf. Mahomet*  
Will not renew his visit till to-morrow;  
Wherefore to-day you may with little hazard  
In that disguise be brought to her apartment.

*Pyr.* For me there is no danger of discov'ry;  
Since nought remains but death, and sure despair.

*Kisf.* No, I have yet some faint remains of hope,  
Perhaps I may inflame with jealousy  
The Sultaness's proud, imperious spirit  
To such a height, that her unbounded rage  
Ev'n now may furnish her with means to part them.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Solyman from his covert.*

'Tis well... My love is in a hopeful way...  
The Sultan burns, and languishes like me;  
And tho' he wants her love; he has her person;  
And may complete his wishes when he pleases.  
The Visier, tho' he wants her person, yet  
Enjoys her love; only th' abandon'd *Solyman*,  
Curs'd with ill stars, born in a luckless minute,  
Has nothing of the lover, but the torment.  
And yet, to make me more contemptible,  
I am become the sport of a curs'd slave;  
Abus'd and cheated by that hellish Eunuch.  
Confusion! I want patience to endure  
A thought of this... Must I be made their engine?  
Their under tool, to truckle to my Rival?  
O! I shall burst with fury, if my Friends,  
Whom I appointed to attend me here,

D 5

Come

58 ABRA-MULE: or,

Come not to my relief ... I must go seek them  
To vent my rage, and ease my burden'd Soul.

*Enter Haly and Cuproli.*

O you are come in time to my assistance,  
To help me ...

*Cupr.* What?

*Sol.* Curse.

*Hal.* Curse whom?

*Sol.* The Sultan, Visier, *Kisler*, all the world.

*Cupr.* The provocation?

*Sol.* I want breath to tell you;

Unless you'll help me to discharge my fury,  
By thund'ring death and vengeance on their heads.

*Hal.* Then you have lost your Mistress.

*Sol.* Past recovery.

*Cupr.* What, is she dead? ...

*Sol.* She is to me.

*Cupr.* The Sultan has enjoy'd her?

*Sol.* No; but he is resolv'd.

*Cupr.* And you stand here,

And bravely bid us curse him ... Is't not so?

*Sol.* Ha!

*Cupr.* My Lord, I wear a sword to do you service;  
But for that womanish valour, noise and railing...

Your pardon, Sir ... 'Tis not a Soldiers talent.

*Hal.* Is it a time to curse in this nice juncture,  
When niggard Fate allows you not a day  
To manage an affair of such importance?

You must, before to-morrows dawn, depose  
Your Brother, or for ever lose your Mistress.

*Sol.* What I have heard and seen has wrought more  
with me

Than all that you can urge ... Yes, I've resolv'd  
T'ascend the Throne; and you can witness for me,  
That I've been tender of my Brothers Fate;  
And drove it to the last extremity,  
Before I would consent to act this violence.  
But now his doom is fix'd; propose the means.

*Cupr.*

# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 59

*Cupr.* The Visirs ruin smoothes the way to his.  
You must begin with him.

*Hal.* At your desire  
The threat'ning Army will surround the Palace;  
And with one gen'ral voice demand his head.

*Sol.* No ... I've more artfully contriv'd his death...  
He is the Armys Idol; and besides  
Such violent proceedings may be dang'rous:  
But I will order matters with such conduct,  
That *Mahomes* shall of his own accord  
Pronounce his Fav'rites doom, and by his ruin  
Be instrumental to his own destruction.

*Cupr.* That were indeed a masterly contrivance.

*Sol.* The Visir, aided by that other Friend,  
The *Kisler Aga*, has with him agreed  
To visit his lov'd *Abra* in disguise:  
And apprehends no danger of discov'ry  
Because the Sultan, 'till to-morrow morning,  
Resolves t' absent himself from her apartment.  
Now I will plant my Spies t' observe their motions;  
And give me notice when they are secure:  
And then you know there are a thousand ways  
To give the Sultan secret intimation  
Of this design; He, fir'd with jealous rage,  
Will fly to her apartment, and surprize them  
Perhaps in their embraces, ... Then what follows  
Your selves may guess.

*Cupr.* This cannot fail; let's instantly about it.

*Sol.* Yes, I'll dispatch... And e're the Sun has finish'd  
One revolution more, he shall behold  
A greater in this Empire... Beauteous *Abra*!  
Sure never were there charms like thine, on which  
The Fate of this great Monarchy depends.  
Let dull Astrologers foretel the doom  
Of Kingdoms from the Stars, & with their Schemes  
And calculations cheat the giddy crowd:  
More ruling is the aspect of thy beauty,

Than

Than that of those bright Orbs... To States and  
Empires

More fatal influence flashes from thy eyes,  
Than all those glitt'ring balls that light the skies.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *Changes to a magnificent  
Apartment.*

*Abra and Zaida. Imperial Robes lying on  
the Table.*

A B R A.

**S**ure, my dear *Zaida*, such ill Planets rul'd  
My birth, that 't is above the pow'r of Fortune  
To make me happy...  
Why was I singled out from all my Sex  
To be this gaudy wretch? to be advanc'd  
To this great Empire; when so many Millions  
Would be transported with those envy'd honours  
Which she has heedlessly misplac'd on me.  
For all this grandeur serves but to refine  
My woes, and dignifie my great misfortunes:  
These sparkling Gems, and chains of Orient Pearl,  
This glitt'ring gold, and these gay costly robes  
Serve only to enrich and gild my mis'ries,  
And make me wretched with more pomp & splen-  
dor.

*Zaid.* Be comforted, dear Madam: time perhaps  
Will reconcile you to Imperial greatness,  
And make these heavy robes of State sit easie.

*Enter the Kisser Aga, and Pyrrhus in disguise.*  
But see the *Kisser* comes, your kind assister;  
Perhaps he brings you comfort from your Lord...

Ah!



# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 61

Ah! no... He comes attended with a Slave;  
I fear some fatal message from the Sultan.

[The Kissler comes forward.]

*Abr.* Ah! Sir, what tidings now? Tell me,  
what hope?

How is my Lord?

*Pyr.* Embracing her.] Beyond expression bless'd,  
While thus he clasps the most elaborate pattern  
Of human excellence... Thou all perfection...  
My life... My Soul...

*Abr.* O! ...

[Swoons]

*Zaid.* She faints...

[Physician:]

*Pyr.* Stand off; my love will prove the best  
The warmth of glowing kisses shall infuse  
Fresh spirits, and renew the sprightly motion  
Of her unactive pulses... Speak, my love,  
'Tis I, thy *Pyrrihus*... Sure my voice will raise thee:  
Wake from thy trance, lift up thy heavy lids,  
And bless me with the lustre of thy eyes.

*Abr.* 'Tis he himself, my dear, my only Lord...  
And now the conflict of tumultuous passions,  
Which quite o'erpower'd my Soul, & bore me from  
my self;

Is sunk into a calm... Doubt, hope, and fear  
Are vanish'd, and have wholly left my breast  
To fierce transporting joy... Too well I know  
The lines of that ador'd majestick face  
To be deceiv'd; nor can the pow'r of art  
Disguise thee from my love...

*Pyr.* Thou kindest, faithfullest of all thy sex;  
I almost fear'd that this vile servile dress,  
And th'artificial *Negro* in my face, [me,  
Would hide me ev'n from thee; & make thee loath  
Fly my embraces, and disown my arms.  
And 'tis indeed prepos't'rous, while I join  
This grim complexion with that charming face;  
Throw my black arms about thy snowy neck,  
And fully thus its whiteness... O my love,

Suits

Suits this base habit with those Royal robes ;  
Or a great Empress with an abject Slave ?

*Abr.* Yet are our Souls well pair'd, & fit each other,  
No matter for the outside ; and believe me  
Thou charm'st me more, my Love, in this disguise,  
Than once thou did'st when deck'd in shining  
armour,

And all the dreadful gaiety of war,  
Thou cam'st to pour thy thunder on my foes ;  
And rescue me from those curs'd ravishers.  
Tho' then, when I beheld thy wondrous port,  
Gen'rous compassion mix'd with awful Majesty ;  
I in a moment gaz'd my Soul away,  
And languish'd, sigh'd, and dy'd upon the object.

*Pyr.* What was my transport then ? When first I  
saw thee

Trembling, and in confusion, pale and redd'ning  
By turns, when all thy charms were in a hurry ;  
And the retreating, and returning blood  
Surpriz'd me with vicissitude of beauty.  
How did my heart... But 'tis unutterable ;  
No words of rapture can express my passion,  
Nor how I since have lov'd. And yet 'tis pleasant  
To think and recollect our past delights.  
I may look backward then, forward I dare not ;...  
For 'tis a gloomy prospect ; and my Soul  
Starts at the horror...

*Abr.* O... h.

*Pyr.* Why do you sigh ?

*Abr.* Can you ask ?

*Pyr.* 'Tis true indeed, our woes have made that  
Impertinent... Well... you may weep your fill...  
I'll not deny you your sad share of grief ;  
It is your due, and 'twould be great injustice  
To bar you of your right... But speak, my love ;  
Didst thou not say I rescu'd thee ?

*Abr.* You did.

*Pyr.* I rescu'd thee indeed... But oh ! ... for whom ?

I have  
To yie  
How

*Abr.*  
*Pyr.*

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My tea  
And ve

*Abr.*  
*Pyr.*

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Or can  
Rifles  
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Tear  
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Again  
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*Kiss*  
Trans  
Talk  
*Pyr.*

With  
I was  
But no  
And I  
Bear  
Or I  
And a  
*Abr.*

# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 63

I have but won thee from less pow'rful foes  
To yield thee to a greater; and from him  
How shall I rescue thee?...

*Abr.* Some kind Pow'r instruct you.

*Pyr.* No, they have still been deaf to all my pray'rs;  
Cross'd my designs, and frown'd upon my love.  
I am as weak, and helpless as thy self;

And all that I can do is now to join  
My tears with thine, to sob upon thy breast;  
And vent my sorrows in unmanly wailing. [ever...

*Abr.* Since then 'tis doom'd that we must part for

*Pyr.* Ha! part for ever! Let me think on that! ...  
Eternal separation... racking thought!

'Tis not to be endur'd... Can I bear this?  
To lose thee now, when I've so long pursu'd thee  
Through the dark mazes of uncertain chance?

When by long custom, and an age of love  
Thou'rt rooted and ingrafted in my heart?  
Or can I think with patience that another  
Rifles thy charms, and dies... No, I'll not bear it,  
But fly this very moment to thy rescue;

Tear off this slavish, this disgraceful habit,  
And put on armour; lead my conqu'ring troops  
Against my Master; and by force of arms  
Compel the lawless Tyrant to resign thee. [passion  
*Kiss.* My Lord, you rave; your fierce, unbridled  
Transports you into frenzy; else you would not  
Talk with such heat of things impossible.

*Pyr.* Ah! cruel Friend, why wouldst thou stop  
my madness

With ill-tim'd reason? While my rage was hot  
I was insensible of my misfortunes;  
But now I'm cool my festring sorrows smart,  
And I'm relaps'd into a Coward... Oh  
Bear me, my Love, support me on thy bosom;  
Or I shall sink beneath my pond'rous woes,  
And at thy feet expire...

*Abr.* Alas! my Lord, if your great martial spirit  
Be

Be quite unmann'd, and melted into softness;  
 How shall a poor weak womans tender Soul  
 Bear up beneath the pressing weight of sorrow?  
 Your torments all are trebled in my breast;  
 And I have far more need of you to prop  
 My sinking body... Oh! ... My boding heart  
 Tells me, my Lord, these are our last embraces,  
 And we shall never, never meet again.

*Pyr.* Then... to prevent it... We will never part...  
 This is my fix'd and final resolution.

*Abr.* What means my Love?

*Pyr.* Mean? ... Canst thou ask the question? ...  
 Thou wouldst not have me leave thee...

*Abr.* Not leave me?

*Pyr.* No.

*Abr.* You shall, you must.

*Pyr.* Is't possible?

Do I hear this from thee?

*Abr.* Alas! he raves...

Call home your thoughts, my Lord; think where  
 You die, if you're discover'd.

*Pyr.* Death is certain,  
 Whether I stay or no... For canst thou think  
 I will survive that hour (Oh! hold my brain! ...)  
 Which yields thy beauties to the Sultans bed?  
 Oh! never... Death then either way is certain...  
 But by the desp'rate choice which now I make;  
 The few remaining minutes of my life  
 Shall all be spent in gazing on thy charms,  
 In kisses and embraces... 'Till to-morrow  
 The Sultan will be absent; this (tho' short)  
 Is better than an age of vulgar life.

Thus shall I manage to the best advantage  
 Each precious moment... Ev'n in deaths last pangs  
 My closing eyes shall view thee; and my ears  
 Drink in the Musick of thy charming accents:  
 Thy dear lov'd name shall cool upon my lips  
 The last, or die unfinish'd on my tongue.

*Abr.*

*Abr.*  
 Since  
 Which  
 Fly,  
 At no  
 Think  
*Pyr.*  
 He'd  
 I know  
*Abr.*  
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 Yes



# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 65

*Abr.* Nay, then indeed I am completely wretched;  
 Since I am forc'd to beg in vain for that,  
 Which, if obtain'd, is worse than death... O fly,  
 Fly, my dear Lord... Since your own life is valu'd  
 At nothing by you, let my danger wake you;  
 Think how you can endure to see me die.

*Pyr.* I know the Sultans love will save thy life;  
 He'd sooner stab himself than thee... Too well  
 I know thy pow'r to apprehend that danger.

*Abr.* What shall I do to save him? Yet in pity  
 To me, consider what I must endure,  
 To see thee in thy last convulsive agonies;  
 Strangled by impious hands before my face,  
 Gasping for life, and sobbing out thy soul...  
 Oh! Horror! ... Dismal image! ... Speak you,

Sir ... [To the Killer.

Persuade him from this frenzy... Sure you will,  
 Unless, like him you too have lost your senses;  
 Quite doz'd and stupify'd with our misfortunes.

*Kiss.* My Lord, you must comply; & let our prayers  
 Divert you from this desp'rate resolution.  
 For tho' that Fair one may be safe, yourself  
 And Friend must both inevitably perish.

*Pyr.* My Friend! ... Oh! whither have my  
 thoughts been wandring,

That I should be regardless of thy safety?  
 That thought indeed has broke my firm resolves...

And now I go... It cannot, will not be...  
 My Soul is quite unable to command  
 My body, or my body to obey...

Go? Leave such excellence? ... No, rather banish  
 All reason, common sense, and be a villain,  
 Be any thing, do, suffer any thing,

Rather than part... Again at this distraction?...  
 What! Be a Villain? ... Insupportable...

O pardon me, my Friend... And lest I should  
 Relapse again, sound Villain in my ears...

Yes... I am conquer'd now... I'd sooner suffer  
 E Death,

Death, fire, racks, wheels, impalements, ev'n  
the pangs

Of losing her; nay, after that, of life, [passion  
Than wrong my Friends: And lest impetuous  
Again should blind my reason, I will go  
This minute... Yet once more... one last  
embrace ...

And then ... farewell ... for ever ...  
[Just as he is going off.

*Enter Mahomet attended.*

*Mah.* Ha! so familiar! clasp'd in their embraces.  
Just as I was inform'd to. But is it possible?

Is this my choicest Favorite? ... Art thou *Pyrrhus*?

*Pyr.* Sultan, I am.

*Mah.* Prodigious insolence! ...

Presum'st thou then to brave me to my face,  
And thus avow thy black ingratitude?

Dost thou not blush? ... But thou dost well to screen  
Thy impudence with *Ethiopian* night;

That black complexion suits thy guilty mind,  
And th'ignominious habit of a Slave

Becomes thee well. ... A Gen'ral's warlike dress  
Disguis'd thee most. ... This is thy proper garb,

And well befits thy base, degen'rate Soul.

*Pyr.* I tell thee, Sultan, this unkingly railing  
Reflects more scandal on thyself, than me.

How canst thou brand me with that hateful vice  
Which I disdain to name? Me who have prop'd

Thy sinking Throne, and crown'd thy Arms with  
conquest. ...

Ev'n by this act for which thou now upbraid'st me,  
I wrong thee not; for know the beauteous *Abra*

Has long been mine before she saw thy Court.  
And if thou force her from me, I retort

That nauseous word, and tell thee, thou'rt  
ungrateful. ... [Creature thine?

*Mah.* Thine, Villain, thine? That lovely  
By what... But I'll not parly with my Slave;

Away

# LOVE AND EMPIRE 67

Away to death with that audacious traitor ;  
Whose unexampled boldness so amaz'd me ,  
That I'd almost forgot I was a Monarch.  
Quick instantly , dispatch . . . I will not hear him.

*Abra.* O spare him , save him , spare your  
Heros life ;

His love . . .

*Mah.* Dar'st thou , ungrateful , intercede ?  
Did not thy charms protect thee , thou shou'dst  
bleed.

But tho' thy Beauty fires me , yet I hate thee !  
And know , 'tis more love of my self than thee ,  
That saves thee from my fury.

*Abi.* Barb'rous Tyrant . . .

O pardon , Sir , that heedless , rash expression . . .  
You are all that's good , majestick , great & noble ;  
I will embrace and kiss your Royal feet ,  
Do any thing to save his precious life.

*Mah.* Fool that thou art by this fond intercession  
To wing his Fate . . . Why , for thy sake he dies :  
Nor canst thou study more effectually  
To plead against him , than by pleading for him.

*Abi.* Will nothing mollifie that stony heart ?  
Unless you instantly reverse his Sentence ,  
No promises nor threats , no racks nor crowns  
Shall urge me to comply with your desires.  
But if . . .

*Mah.* Speak on , for I can listen now.

*Pyr.* I charge thee hold ; I bar that fatal compact . . .  
Think'st thou to save my life by this compliance ?  
No , no , my love . . . The thought of that will end me  
Sooner than his commands ; then thou wilt be  
My murd'ress , & my dying breath shall curse thee.

*Mah.* Confusion ! . . . How he trifles with my fury !  
Away , ye Villains , bear him to his death ;  
And let that hellish Slave , his base accomplice ,

[Points to the Kisser.

The abetter of his treasons , share his fate.

68 ABRA-MULE: or,

Off, traitress...

*Abr.* Yes, I'll leave thee, Tyrant, Monster,  
[Rising, drops a Letter.

Shun thy loath'd sight, and fly from the most hated  
To the most lov'd of Men... O my dear Lord!  
Thus will I grow for ever to thy breast,  
And die with thee; his rage shall never part us.

*Mab.* Give me a dagger... I'll defer no longer  
My just revenge... No, Serpents, I'll not part you;  
But join you closer, nail you to each other...  
Ha! stay a moment... This may discover more.

[Just going to stab'em, spies the Letter.

Tis that detested Villain's character...  
Curse on your kindness... Ha! Another Rival!  
Another Rival mention'd in this Letter...  
Where will my tortures end? But yet 'twas lucky  
I stab'd 'em not before I spy'd this paper?  
Then had this unknown Traitor 'scap'd my ven-  
geance.

*Abr.* So he shall stil for me; I'll ne'er discover him.

*Mab.* Why, dost thou love him too?...

*Abr.* No... He's of all Mankind, except thy self,  
The utmost object of my scorn and hate;  
But I will shelter him from thy revenge,  
To make him instrumental to my own.

*Mab.* I understand thee not, thou talk'st in  
riddles...

What e'er thou mean'st, I scorn thy foolish threats.  
But I shall yet unfold this mystery;  
Since she persists so obstinate, speak thou; [To Pyr.  
Thou wilt not sure protect thy hated Rival.

*Pyr.* Yes, since I can no more be injur'd by him,  
I'll shield him from thy fury... My great Soul  
Disdains to stoop to such a mean revenge.  
Nor will I stain my honour at my death,  
By such a base and cowardly impeachment.

*Mab.* So resolute!... Yet we shall find a way...  
Let him be rack'd, 'till he reveal this secret.

*Pyr.*



# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 69

*Pyr.* The rack! How I despise thy feeble menace!  
I thought thou had'st known me better, than to think  
That torments can unhinge my resolution.

*Abr.* O cruelty! ... I cannot bear that thought...  
Your other Rival is...

*Pyr.* O hold...

Thou may'st perhaps repent this rash discov'ry...  
Besides, I know and see it in his eyes,  
His rage is now so high, that this impeachment  
From thee, or any other but my self,  
Will not prevent the torments, he has threaten'd.

*Mab.* Thou counsell'st well; I take thee at thy  
word;

Nothing shall do it, but thy own confession,  
Which, spite of thee, racks shall at last extort.

*Abr.* He has no sense of manly bravery,  
But thinks all Souls as little as his own.

*Mab.* I thank thee... Thou dost well to rail away  
My foolish qualms of Love which curb'd my ven-  
geance;

And let my fury loose to blast you both.  
Again at their embraces... Oh distraction!  
Guards seize 'em both, and drag 'em both to  
death...

Come back, ye Slaves, he dies that touches her;  
Where is thy fury now?

*Abr.* Why think'st thou, Tyrant,  
To gain my favour by thy foolish mercy?  
My death had pleas'd me more.

*Mab.* I know it, Sorc'ress;  
Therefore thou shalt not die... No, I've resolv'd  
At once to satiate my revenge, and love.  
Tear 'em asunder, and then bear her hence.

*Abr.* Farewel my Love; when thy great Soul  
has left

Thy tortur'd body, stay a moment for me,  
Hover a while in this inferior region;  
I shall o'ertake thee soon... Then we'll descie

This haughty Tyrants rage, and mount together.

[Exit.

*Mab.* Guards, execute your orders on those  
Slaves...

*Pyr.* Without reluctance I embrace my doom;  
But should indeed deserve the odious brand  
Of foul ingratitude, should I conceal  
Your danger; for you're still my Royal Master,  
Tho' Love has made this fatal breach between us.  
And thus submissive I implore your pardon [Kneels  
For all th' indecent words my rage has utter'd.  
Be careful of your safety... I suspect  
Some form'd design against your Government;  
And still (ev'n since I've known you for my rival)  
Have labour'd to prevent it. Think not this  
A base submission to prolong my life;  
I would not now accept of such a favour.

*Mab.* 'Tis false... But think not thou shalt thus  
disarm [order'd;

My vengeance... Guards, do as you first were  
Let him, as I commanded, bear the rack;  
He well deserves it, if for nothing else,  
Yet for this saucy love... His crime's the same  
With his who rival'd the great thunderer:  
Therefore it is but but just his punishment  
Should be the same which that rash fool endur'd.  
O were it in my pow'r to make his pains  
As lasting too; like that, this bold *Lxion*  
Should suffer in a circle of fresh woe;  
A round of still returning torment feel,  
And groan out ages on the racking wheel. [Exit.

*Pyr.* See her no more! O harsh decree of Fate!  
And then to think what will become of her,  
Left to a Tyrants rage... That's double torture...

*Offic.* My Lord, we must obey the Sultans order,  
By leading you to death.

*Pyr.* Ha! well remember'd!  
My Soul was so entirely taken up

With

# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 71

With thoughts of her, that lost in contemplation,  
I swear I had forgot I was to die...

Nor is it strange... I've more than dy'd already,

Have born a far more cruel separation

Than that of Soul and body... O my torment!...

O haste, and bear me to the rack for ease.

*Offic.* Your mightiness must share a milder Fate.

[To the Kisser.

*Pyr.* My Friend to die!... Then once more I'm a  
coward...

This weight of woe falls heavier on my Soul,

Than all I yet have suffer'd... O my Friend,

Am I the curs'd occasion of thy death?

Have I betray'd thy innocence to ruin?

The tortures of a thousand wheels and engines

Are downy beds of ease, and soft repose,

To that soul-racking thought.

*Kiss.* My Lord, you wrong me,

While you with such concern resent my death.

Your sorrow calls me coward... but unjustly...

I have a Soul that scorns the fear of dying.

*Pyr.* O wond'rous courage!

But still I'm curst the more, by being the ruin

Of so much worth... I could, without regret,

In my own person die a thousand deaths;

But thus to die in thee is insupportable.

*Offic.* My Lords, we must dispatch; for all those

*Bassas,*

Whose heads the raging multitude demanded,

Must suffer with you.

*Pyr.* Ha! not bear the rack?

*Offic.* No, my Lord.

*Pyr.* No, 'tis not just they should... I am their

Gen'ral,

And by superior eminence demand

A larger share of Fate... Nor is it fit

They should aspire to rival me in death.

Come on... I'll strip off this vile, less'ning habit,

E 4 And

And deck my self with all the pomp of war;  
 Then, as it is my duty, head my Soldiers  
 To this our last, but far most glorious conflict.  
 Methinks I'm more at ease; now death approaches;  
 Secure of any future separation  
 From her I love...

We soon shall meet, never to part again...  
 In that my hopes are center'd; and by that  
 Imaginariion wound so high, that now  
 My Soul, intent on paradise and her,  
 Ev'n on the rack its firmness shall maintain;  
 Allwrapt in thought, and negligent of pain.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T. V.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter Solyman and Haly.*

S O L Y M A N.

**C**Huse to be tortur'd, rather than discover  
 His mortal foe? What frenzy has possess'd thee?

*Hal.* My Lord, I cannot wonder

That such amazing generosity  
 Exceeds belief; but that you are conceal'd  
 From *Mahomet* by the Visier, is as true  
 As that I have your promise to succeed him.

*Sol.* O matchless instance of heroick virtue!  
 But if the greatness of his Soul be tinctur'd  
 With the least mixture of humanity,  
 I shall be yet impeach'd... He's more than heroe,  
 If having felt the torments of the rack,  
 He still persist t' endure those ling'ring pains  
 To death it self; and all to save the life  
 Of his most cruel and invet'rate foe;  
 'Tis not to be conceiv'd; he must betray me,  
 And ruin yet attends me.

*Hal.*



*Hal.* To prevent it,  
You must with all imaginable speed  
Disarm your Brother of the pow'r to hurt you;  
And with your best address and resolution  
Push on your great design, and ripen Fate,  
This very moment the *Divan* is sitting  
In secret consultation, to dethrone  
The Sultan; and in less than half an hour  
The black deposing *Fetfa* will be sign'd.

*Enter Cuproli.*

But *Cuproli* appears; his haste and looks  
Speak it already done.

*Cupr.* Hail, mighty *Solyman*!  
Great Monarch, hail... I come with full Commission  
To greet thee by that title... Kneel, my Friend.

[*Both kneel.*

Thus we salute you Emperor, and thus  
Present the homage of the whole *Divan*.

*Sol.* Rise, worthy Friends; and, with my charming  
Empress,

Still share my heart... But say, how fares the Visier?  
E'er this he has impeach'd me... Is't not so?

*Cupr.* O fear not him... No human force can  
shake him

When he has once resolv'd...

*Sol.* Not all the lying legends of antiquity  
Can shew a Heroe that e'er suffer'd more  
For his dear Country, or his dearer Friend,  
Than he has for his greatest Enemy.  
To him I owe my life, my love, and Empire;  
To him, whole life and honour I betray'd.  
This unexampled brav'ry so affects me,  
That I could weep for his untimely fall;  
And curse my self, the Author of his ruin.  
But is he dead?

*Cupr.* 'Tis sure he cannot live;  
But whether he has yet expir'd, I know not.

*Sol.* If there remain a possibility

Off saving him, I'll instantly give orders  
To have his life preserv'd, and all means us'd  
To heal his wounds; and wish 'twere in my pow'r  
To make such worth immortal... [Exit Solyman.

*Cupr.* Your commands  
Will come too late; spight of your care he dies:  
And by his fall I rise to all those honours  
To which my restless Soul has long aspir'd.  
At length, my Friend, I've reach'd the glorious goal  
And now methinks the charms of greatness seem  
More amiable than ever: The bright object,  
Drawn nearer to me, ravishes my sight,  
And I'm transported with excess of pleasure.

*Hal.* Suspend your raptures 'till you've gain'd the prize.

*Cupr.* O! I'm secure; as fully satisfy'd  
As if I had receiv'd the great Commission.

*Hal.* Then you are sure t'obtain the grant of it  
From Solyman?

*Cupr.* Most certain.

*Hal.* Has he promis'd?

*Cupr.* No; but you know we two divide his heart,  
He can deny us nothing.

*Hal.* Perhaps he can.

*Cupr.* Why?

*Hal.* Because it is not in his pow'r to give  
The same degree of honour to us both.

*Cupr.* But he has store of honours to dispose of.

*Hal.* But not of equal value.

*Cupr.* Ha! What mean'st thou?

*Hal.* Only to let you see that 'tis yet possible  
You may be disappointed.

*Cupr.* Why? Your reason?

*Hal.* Because the new made Sultan, to my know-  
ledge,

Has giv'n his Royal promise to another.

*Cupr.* Thou hast not plaid me false?

*Hal.* No, I'm not false to you; I've only been

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# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 75

True to my self . . . that's all.

*Cupr.* Thou hast not gain'd  
The Vifiers office, sure?

*Hal.* I have.

*Cupr.* Amazement!  
Art thou a Friend?

*Hal.* A true one to my self.

*Cupr.* Infamous villain! . . . But thou triflest with me;  
No man, I'm certain, has a greater share  
Of *Solymans* affections than my self.

*Hal.* I grant it . . . Not a greater, but as great:  
We two are equal sharers of his heart;  
And I, by speaking first, have gain'd my point.  
Tho' that be but a small advantage o'er thee,  
Yet when both sides are at an even poise  
A grain will turn the ballance.

*Cupr.* Treach'rous miscreant!  
False, undermining traitor! . . . Hast thou then  
Deceiv'd my honest, unsuspecting heart?  
Why didst thou not discover thy pretensions  
Before?

*Hal.* Because I then had lost my aim.  
Such a discov'ry had dissolv'd the tie  
Of our Cabal, and made a breach between us.  
But now by soothing thee with flatt'ring hopes,  
And seeming well contented with that honour  
Which you allotted for me, I improv'd  
All your endeavours to my own advantage;  
And gain'd that dignity by your assistance,  
Which you expected to have gain'd by mine.

*Cupr.* Hast thou the front to glory in thy falsehood?  
The worst of falsehood, to supplant thy Friend?

*Hal.* My Friend! . . . Why, fool, should such  
notorious villains

Asthou and I usurp that sacred title?  
Friendship is still accompany'd with virtue,  
And always lodg'd in great and gen'rous minds:  
But 'tis a stranger to such breasts as ours.

True, we can join in factions and cabals;  
 And form conspiracies; but still the bond  
 Which holds our mercenary Souls together  
 Is our own int'rest... How couldst thou expect  
 Friendship in me? When thou long since hast known  
 That I'm as very a villain as thy self. [Hame

*Cupr.* Thou need'st not by provoking words en-  
 My fury higher; that's superfluous folly:  
 Th' unsufferable injury thou hast done me  
 Calls loudly for revenge... I'll pay it home; [Draws.  
 Once more I'll make the Visier's office vacant,  
 And through thy heart...

*Hal.* Be not too confident; [Draws.  
 You'll find that *Solyman* has not conferr'd  
 That office on a Person who wants power  
 Or courage to defendit. [Fight.

*Cupr.* Thou hast conquer'd...  
 I have my death.

*Hal.* Both conquer'd, and both conquerors:  
 Thou hast return'd the fatal wound I gave thee;  
 And, loaded with the weight of all my crimes,  
 I sink with thee, never to rise again.

*Cupr.* How dismal does approaching death appear  
 To Souls oppress'd with guilt? E're this I fear  
 The Visier's dead...

And no forgiveness can be hop'd from him.  
 Yet 'twould abate the hell within my breast,  
 To have my pardon seal'd by that brave Man,  
 And that fair innocence whom we have wrong'd.  
 But see... She comes... Let us, with our last breath,  
 Confess our villanies, and die before her,  
 Mourning our crimes, and gasping for her pardon.

*Enter Abra with Guards, and Laida.*

*Abra.* Death's busie ev'ry where... Thro' all the  
 Court

I meet with nought but hurry and confusion...  
 This way I heard the noise of clashing swords;  
 And now my fancy is so full of death,

That



# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 77

That all its horrors are familiar to me.  
Perhaps my Lord has taken his advantage  
Of this disorder; and some lucky accident  
Giv'n him an opportunity t' escape  
By force of arms... Ha! What dire object's this?--  
What are you?... Speak... If you have breath to  
tell me.

*Cupr.* O Empress!... O thou injur'd innocence,  
In us behold the authors of your woes  
Dying, and with their latest breath confessing  
Their unexampled villanies...

*Abr.* What mean you?...

*Hal.* By our contrivance you were first discover'd  
To *Mahomet*; and from that fatal source  
Flow'd all your mis'ries...

*Cupr.* By our instigation  
The am'rous *Solyman* depos'd his Brother,  
And brought the gallant *Visir* to his end.

*Abr.* Then he is dead... O execrable Villains!

*Cupr.* All that we now petition is your pardon...  
Slight not our groans, and penitential tears.

*Abr.* If my forgiveness will allay your pains,  
You have it.. For my vengeance reaches not  
Beyond the grave...

*Hal.* The joys above... [Dies.]

*Cupr.* For ever crown you. [Dies.]

*Abr.* Remove 'em from my sight... [The Guards carry the bodies off.]

These faithful Soldiers, [Gen'ral  
Whom love and rev'rence for their murder'd  
Have thus inspir'd to serve me for his sake,  
And free me from confinement, contrary  
To *Mahomet's* commands, who strictly charg'd them  
To guard me safe on forfeit of their lives;  
These very faithful Soldiers may perhaps  
Be further instrumental to the justice  
Which I have vow'd... For can I think with patience  
Can I reflect upon the barb'rous usage,

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The

78 ABRA-MULE: or,

The cruel torments which have been inflicted  
Upon the best of Men? Can I reflect  
Upon his cracking joints, and broken limbs;  
And all that sad variety of pains,  
Which he, distended on the cursed engine,  
O'er all his mangled body groaning felt? ...  
O! can I think on this, and be content  
With tears, & vain complainings? ... Those indeed  
Serve to relax less miseries. ... But now  
Nothing but just revenge can ease my Soul.

*Enter Solyman with Janizaries.*

*Sol.* Forgive me, Madam, that I again presume  
Unsent for, to intrude into your presence. ...  
Trembling & doubtful I with dread approach you;  
Fearing your frowns, yet hoping that the zeal  
Which I have shewn to serve you will, at least,  
Procure my pardon. ... *Furious Mahomet,*  
Who threaten'd you with rape, and horrid torture,  
Is for your sake thrown from the regal seat;  
I've rescu'd you from his tyrannick cruelty,  
And now am come with humblest adoration,  
To lay a kinder Monarch at your feet.

*Abr.* Fate has in part prevented my revenge;

But I must further it ...

[*Aside.*

My Lord, I freely own your gen'rous love  
Merits the best return that I can make;  
Nor would I prove ungrateful. ... True, I own  
I lov'd the Visir with excess of passion:  
But since a cruel Tyrants lawless doom  
Has snatch'd him from my arms, why should I waste  
My youthful bloom, and pine my self away  
In fruitless grief? Why rather should I not  
Receive a gen'rous Prince to my embraces,  
Whose Kingly qualities so well deserve  
More charms than I can give?

*Sol.* O extasie of joy! ... Transporting sounds!

*Abr.* But yet, my Lord, I cannot disengage  
My self from that dear Man, 'till I have seen

His

# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 79

His death reveng'd, and ample justice done  
On all his foes. That debt I must discharge,  
Before I can transfer my love on you.

*Sol.* Why I've already taken ample vengeance  
On *Mahomet*... Is not the loss of Empire  
Sufficient punishment?

*Enter Marama.*

*Mar.* O fly, my Lord,  
Or stand upon your guard... Fierce *Mahomet*,  
Inform'd of what has pass'd in the *Divan*,  
By the loud triumphs of the shouting Soldiers;  
Who ev'ry where resound your name to heav'n;  
With fury in his eyes is posting hither  
With a strong guard to seize the beauteous Empress.  
But when he finds you here, you must expect  
A sharp encounter... His despair and rage  
Will prompt him to prodigious acts of valour.

*Sol.* I dread him not; the courage of my Soldiers  
Forbids my fear.

*Omn.* We'll die for *Solyman*.

*Enter Mahomet with Janizaries.*

*Mah.* Astonishment! Am I again prevented?  
Can I not from the universal wreck  
Of all my fortunes save one precious Jewel?  
Was't not enough... Ha! Villain, is it thou?  
Th' unnatural usurper of my Throne?  
Art thou that hated rival, whom 'till now  
The partial Fates have shelter'd from my vengeance  
But think not yet t'escape... Thou hast not here,  
The rebel multitude to aid thy treason.  
But with these few of my yet loyal subjects,  
I'll on this spot chastise thy insolence.  
Behold me; Traitor, see this injur'd face,  
And tremble at my justice.

*Sol.* Sure thou think'st, [threats;  
Vain, desp'rate Prince, t'un-king me with thy  
And puff me from my Throne with blust'ring  
words,

E 2

But

But thou wilt find I am too firmly seated...  
 And you, who dare oppose your lawful Sov'reign  
 By publick voice elected, and acknowledg'd  
 By all the Army, and the whole *Divan*;  
 Urge not your fates, by clinging round the ruins  
 Of that abandon'd Monarch; but in time  
 Forsake him, and implore the Royal mercy,  
 Or I will use you as the worst of Traitors..

*Mah.* Resign that single Beauty to my arms,  
 And thou shalt undisturb'd enjoy the Empire.

*Sol.* Resign her? ... No... I sooner would forego  
 My Crown... For know, 'twas Love, and not  
 ambition

That rais'd me to Imperial dignity:  
 And had I never rivall'd thee in Love,  
 I never had in Empire.

*Mah.* Then no more  
 Of parly... Come fall on my loyal Soldiers,  
 And if we conquer you shall share the World.

*Prepare to fight.* Mahomets *Janizaries revolt.*  
 Deserted! left by all!... No... This is mine,  
 My faithful subject still... My sword is yet  
 No Traitor, but proves loyal to the last.

[*Kills two of the Janizaries, and continues fighting*

*Sol.* I charge you hurt him not... On your  
 allegiance

Take him alive... So... Guard him safe to prison...  
 Away with him... [Mah. is disarm'd and taken

*Mah.* Yes, lead me to my prison:  
 Kind Fate e're long will give me my release.  
 For thee, thou traitor, did not rage and hate  
 Inspire me more to curse, than pity thee,  
 I could bewail thee, rather than my self.  
 For oh! thou'rt enter'd on a world of mis'ry;  
 And soon with me wilt find, by dire experience;  
 No Government can e'er be safe, that's founded  
 On lust, on inurder, and despotick pow'r.  
 'Tis not in lawless strength to turn and manage,

This



# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 81

This cumb'rous and unwieldy bulk of Empire :  
Which, like the restless Sea, still works and tosses  
Vex'd with continual change and revolution.

How few of my unhappy Successors  
Will 'scape my Fate! ... Ev'n while we keep the  
Throne

We fear those Subjects threats, on whom we }  
frown;

Infringe their liberty, and lose our own:

And hourly prove, by arbitrary sway,

That he's the greatest Slave, whom none but  
Slaves obey. *[Exit guarded.]*

*Sol.* How am I hurry'd on, and plunge in guilt! ..  
Distracting horror! ... But I'll think no more on't ..  
Away, ye gloomy thoughts, and leave my Soul  
To bliss and raptures inconceivable.

O come, my Love; delay my joys no longer,  
Or I shall die with ardent expectation.

*Abr.* No... my vow'd vengeance is not yet  
completed;

One of the Vipers foes remains unpunish'd.

For well I know that thou, injurious Prince,

Hast been the curst contriver of his death.

And think not that thy boundless pow'r and  
greatness

Shall disappoint my justice ... By one stroke

From all thy wrongs my virtue thus I free,

And kill my self to be reveng'd on thee.

*[Stabs her self. Sol. wrenches the dagger from her.]*

*Sol.* Death and despair! Is this the consummation  
Of all my hopes? These my expected raptures? ...

O 'twas too truly aim'd... The cursed steel  
Has made its way through the soft snowy breast,  
And the warm life-blood bubbles from the wound.

*Abr.* No... You've prevented me... I've only raz'd  
The surface of the skin... But 'tis in vain;  
Still death is in my pow'r, and shall yet free me  
From violence and oppression.

*Sol.* Now by Honour,  
By all that's just and good, you wrong my virtue;  
I am no Ravisher, no *Mahomet*;  
Not your chaste Soul can start with more abhorrence  
At such inhuman crimes... Some dreadful curse,  
If possible, more dreadful than your hate,  
Light on me, if I ever use my pow'r  
To seize by force what you deny to love.

*Abr.* And may that curse be trebled on this head,  
If ever I comply with the desires  
Of any second Lord; and think not, Sir,  
That I with base ingratitude requite  
The noble, gen'rous promise you have made me;  
This vow, which I repeat, has long been on me,  
And, if I would, I cannot now be yours.

*Enter Pyrrhus with an Officer*

*Offic.* Your Orders, Royal Sir, came not too late,  
The Visir lives; ...  
And see he comes to thank you.

*Pyr.* Gratitude  
Must yield to Love... My Soul! ... [*Embracing.*

*Abr.* My dearest Lord,  
Is't possible, and can I think it true  
That you're again restor'd to my embraces?  
Tis so... he lives...

*Pyr.* O unexpected blessing!

*Sol.* Villains, Traitors,  
How gain'd he entrance?

*Offic.* By your own command...

*Sol.* 'Tis false... Thou ly'st... True, I dispatch'd  
my orders

To save his life, but not to bring him hither.

*Offic.* Forgive the error of your Slave, I knew not  
His presence would offend you....

*Sol.* Offend me? Can there be a greater plague  
Than rival love... [*Guards offer to part 'em.*  
Away, ye impious ruffians,  
Touch 'em not for your lives; you now obey

# LOVE AND EMPIRE. 83

A virtuous Lover, not a lustful Tyrant.  
Yet hear, ye fond ones; ... 'Tis not, 'tis not  
prudent

To tempt me... These embraces may be fatal...  
[*They separate.*]

*Pyr.* My Lord, my Emperor...

*Sol.* E're thou proceed,

Say by what miracle thou hast recover'd  
The torments of the rack? For thou appear'st  
Unhurt, as if no violence had been offer'd.

*Offic.* My Lord, none has been offer'd; this  
great Man

Has ever had the Soldiers hearts; and that  
Has now preserv'd him: For those Officers  
Whom *Mahomet* entrusted with his fate,  
Hearing the joyfull multitude, with shouts  
Resound your name, and seeing all things tend  
To this great revolution, gladly took  
The opportunity, and for his sake  
Deferr'd the execution of their orders,  
Hoping this sudden change of government  
Would prove a means to save him. The success  
Has crown'd their hopes. Just at that happy  
juncture

Your welcom orders came to have him sav'd.

*Abr.* Is then his safety owing to your goodness?

[*To Solyman.*]

And did you hold me in suspense so long,  
Only to make your bounty more surprizing?  
I understand it now... O, sacred Sir,  
May blessings ever crown your Princely head.  
I know you still design'd we should be happy  
In mutual love... Alas! your looks are chang'd  
To terror, and you sternly menace death...  
Ah! do not, do not fright me, Sir, again;  
I tremble at your frowns... Still you are angry,  
And some deep thought is rolling in your breast,  
Fatal, I fear, to us.... Yet, O my Lord,

If we must die ...

*Sol.* No; you shall live, and share  
My favours; he my Friend, and you my Empress,

*Pyr.* To those who love like us, 'tis certain death  
To part, and if you separate, you kill.

O do not, by this after-act of cruelty [virtuous,  
Resume your gen'rous grant; but as you're  
Compleat the justice which you have begun,  
And yield her to my arms.

*Sol.* Yet, yet beware, and urge me not too far...  
'Tis dang'rous tampering with a Princes fury; ...

Forego her? Quit her? Yield her to my rival?  
What? Have I suffer'd so much racking pain,  
Involv'd my self in so much guilt & horror,  
And made my self so curst... to make thee happy?  
Must I have no reward for all my toil?

And thou enjoy ...

Unheard of insolence! ...

*Abr.* Then we are lost again, and must endure  
The torments of a second separation.

*Pyr.* Why, 'tisth' ingenious malice of our fate  
Thusto refine, and vary on our woes;  
To raise us from despair, and give us hopes,  
Only to plunge us in the gulf again,  
And makes us doubly wretched... Yet while life  
Remains, I cannot totally despair.

O Sir, if Passion has not quite unman'd you,  
With patience hear a suit which all just Kings  
Will grant, and none but Tyrants can deny.  
And you, my Friends, if I have any here,  
Kneel with me all; that with united pray'rs  
We may o'erpow'r him, and his resolution,  
Oppress'd with multitudes, be forc'd to yield.

[*All kneel.*

*Sol.* Treason, conspiracy... Rise, Traitors, rise;  
He dies that kneels... 'Tis treason to petition. [*All rise*  
What, my *Marama* too? ... Art thou confederate  
Against thy Sov'raign? Am I thus abandon'd?

Not



## LOVE AND EMPIRE. 85

Not one to own my cause ? .. Go, call my Friends,  
*Haly* and *Cuprolis*, to my assistance...

They will not sure desert me. ...

*Offic.* Royal Sir,

'Till now we fear'd to tell you that your Friends  
 Are by each other slain, in single combat,  
 Contending for the *Vifers* office.

*Sol.* Ha!

Say'st thou ? What slain ? And by each others hands !  
 More horror still ! ... But let me pause a little...  
 My Friends were Villains... And this dreadful in-  
 stance

Of justice strikes into my lab'ring Soul  
 Stinging remorse ; and spight of all endeavours  
 To drown its cries, Reason will now be heard.

*Pyr.* See, he relents, his resolution staggers...  
 Now, now my Love...

*Abr.* What is it, Sir, that troubles  
 Your Royal breast ?

May nothing discompose it ; and however  
 You shall dispose of my poor Lord, and me,  
 Let all be easie there ...

*Sol.* For this last goodness,  
 If possible, I love thee more than ever ;  
 How then can I resign thee ?

*Ab.* If your love  
 Be virtuous and sincere, you will resign me.

*Sol.* Impossible ! Thou talk'st of contradictions...  
 Or thus, if to forego thee be a proof  
 Of true affection... let my rival shew it.

*Pyr.* I would, by all my hopes, if you were

*Pyrrhus,*

And were I *Solyman*.

*Sol.* Why, what's the difference ?

*Abr.* Did I not swear ? Did I not tell you, Sir ;  
 That if I would, I cannot now be yours ?

*Sol.* Thou didst... Oh ! Curst remembrance !...

*Abr.* And have I not your Royal Oath and pro-  
 mise, That

That you will never force me to your bed ?

*Sol.* O name it not... My honest Soul abhors  
The very mention of so damn'd a villany.

*Pyr.* And will you then defraud us of each other ;  
Without the least advantage to your self ,  
Only to make us wretched ? ...

*Sol.* No... Since she never can be mine , 'twill  
prove

Some satisfaction to my tortur'd Soul  
To think she's not anothers.

*Pyr.* Those expressions  
Perhaps might well besit a Tyrants mouth ;  
But sure a just and virtuous Prince can take  
No pleasure in th' unmerited afflictions  
Of those who never wrong'd him. . .

*Sol.* 'Tis not to be withstood... The strength of  
reason

Presses upon me with resistless force. . .  
I never can possess her... but by violence ;  
And that my nature shrinks at... Shall I then  
Barb'rously ruin the most perfect pair  
That ever Nature fram'd ? To whom I owe  
My life ?

And one of whom far more than life I love ?  
Shall I with brutal rage destroy such excellence ,  
Without the least faint prospect of advantage ,  
Unless it be to brand my name with infamy ,  
And write my self upon immortal record  
A villain , and a Tyrant ? ... No ; I'll perish first.

*Abr.* How indignation flashes from his eyes !  
Unless he speedily pronounce our doom ,  
Fear will dispatch me , and prevent his Sentence.

*Sol.* But how to part with her ? ... There, there's  
the difficulty. . .

It cannot be... Cannot ? ... O false delusion...  
O fallacy of thought ! ... True , it exceeds  
My pow'r , to cease to love... But tho' a wretch ,  
Seorch'd in a fever , cannot cease to thirst ,

Yet

Yet may he throw the baneful draught away ;  
 Or beg some Friend to bind his desp'rate arms :  
 May chuse the present mis'ry, to avoid  
 A greater in reverſion ; and endure  
 The cravings of unsatisfy'd deſire.  
 I can reſign her then... Tho' with ſtrong tortures ,  
 Reluctant ſtrugglings , and convulſive pangs...  
 Take, take her... hold... ! if you regard your lives ,  
*[They offer to embrace.]*

Or dread my juſt revenge , forbear your fondneſs...  
 Nor plague me with your thanks... For if ſhe ſpeaks  
*[They offer to kneel.]*

I may relapſe again... And Oh ! be cautious ,  
 Raſh , inconfid'rate pair , be ſure t'avoid  
 My preſence ; never let me ſee you more...  
 For if you do ... You may bewail your folly ;  
 Be yet divided from each others arms ,  
 Be curſt , and rage , and burn in vain , as I do. *[Exit.]*

*Pyr.* He's gone... The great debate at laſt is  
 ended...

And now we ſafely may indulge our love.  
 O my hearts joy , who can expreſs my happineſs ;  
 Or ſtretch imagination to conceive  
 The raptures of my Soul ?

*Abr.* None, none but I  
 Who ſhare the mighty tranſport , can conceive it  
 Nor can ev'n I expreſs it.

*Pyr.* Speak thou , *Zaida* ;  
 Allay this vaſt exceſs of boundleſs pleaſure ,  
 And bring us back to common ſenſe again.

*Zaid.* I fear indeed I ſhall allay your pleaſure...  
 Your Friend , my Lord...

*Pyr.* O , were my Friend in danger ;  
 Ev'n now I could not be entirely happy :  
 But he is ſafe... My int'reſt in the Soldiers ;  
 Which ſav'd me from the rack , preſerv'd his life.

*Zaid.* Then you are bleſs'd indeed ; and I with joy  
 Equal to yours congratulate your happineſs.

*Enter*

Yet

*Enter the Kisser Aga.*

*Kiss.* Hearing the welcom news of your success;  
I come, my Lord, to share your satisfaction.

*Pyr.* The bus'ness of my life shall be to thank thee.  
'Tis fit at present we consult our safety;  
Dispatch with all imaginable speed,  
And leave the Court this night.

*Kiss.* 'Tis true, you cannot  
Be too secure... Tho' now there is no danger...  
For *Solyman* already is involv'd  
In State affairs; on ev'ry side surrounded  
With thronging Counsellors and busie crowds;  
And now the care of a distracted Empire,  
Just at his first accession to the Throne,  
Will take up all his Soul, and cure perhaps  
The torments of his love.

*Pyr.* I would not have him wretched. ... O my  
Friend,  
Behold th' impartial hand of Justice!... *Mahomet*  
(Tho' I were most ungrateful not to mourn  
His fall) has suffer'd, by the loss of Empire;  
The punishment due to injurious Tyrants.  
*Haly* and *Cuprolis* by death have met  
The villains just reward... Ev'n *Solyman*,  
Tho' good and gen'rous in his temper, feels  
The dire effects of deviating from virtue.  
We only, who with innocence unshaken  
Have stood th' assaults of Fortune, now are happy.  
For tho' the worst of Men, by high permission,  
A while may flourish, and the best endure  
The sharpest trials of exploring mis'ry;  
Yet let mankind from these examples learn,  
That pow'rful villany at last shall mourn;  
And injur'd virtue triumph in its turn.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]





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